

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 29, 1961 \$1.50

THE MERION MARVEL

**U.S. Open Champ
David Graham**





HOW THE NEW *Cimarron* BEATS THE IMPORTS AT THEIR OWN GAME.

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FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE	STANDARD	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	NOT AVAILABLE	STANDARD
POWER-ASSISTED RACK AND PINION STEERING	STANDARD	STANDARD	RACK AND PINION ONLY	STANDARD	STANDARD
FOUR-SPEED MANUAL INCLUDING OVERDRIVE	STANDARD	STANDARD 5-SPEED	STANDARD 5-SPEED	STANDARD	STANDARD 5-SPEED
TACHOMETER	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD
EPA PASSENGER COMPARTMENT VOLUME	89 CU. FT.	50 CU. FT.	82 CU. FT.	89 CU. FT.	89 CU. FT.
ALUMINUM ALLOY WHEELS	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	STANDARD
AIR CONDITIONING	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	EXTRA COST	STANDARD	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION
LEATHER-WRAPPED STEERING WHEEL	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE	EXTRA COST	DEALER INSTALLED OPTION	NOT AVAILABLE
LEATHER SEATING AREAS	STANDARD	EXTRA COST	NOT AVAILABLE	STANDARD	NOT AVAILABLE
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Due to limited initial production, Cimarron is not available at all Cadillac dealers at this time.

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WHY THE 1981 U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON CIGARETTES IS BEHIND THE TIMES!

On May 5, 1981, the Federal Trade Commission released its "new" 1981 report on cigarette tar levels.

Unfortunately, the new FTC report is really quite old.

Old because it is based on 1979 cigarette brands.

Old because much has happened in cigarette development during the year and a half that it took to complete the study.

Old because it doesn't tell tar-conscious smokers what they want to know today.

Even the FTC concedes that its report is out of date. And the fact is consumers do not have the latest statistics on comparative tar levels in ultra low tar cigarettes.

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Now cigarettes are the Ultra Lowest Tar[®] cigarettes available. No matter what the style, there is no cigarette lower in tar than today's Now.

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CARLTON	0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ROSTANG, ONCE OF THE DAWN PATROL

spent a number of years trying to be a serious six player. "I played around Hartford, Connecticut—the Subway Grand Lounge in Hartford is still my favorite club—and in minor clubs in Greenwich Village. I was living next to Pharoah Sanders in New York, and John Coltrane used to rehearse with him. I realized from listening to them that I was never going to play in their league, no matter how hard I tried. Next I had a recording studio, which I sold in '71 or '72."

At about that time Rostang rediscovered the bicycle. "I became a member of the Dawn Patrol in Central Park, which consists of all the people who go out to train at five in the morning," he says. "I raced in a few time trials—nothing serious."

In 1975 Rostang and his wife, Anne, left Manhattan for Vermont. "I ran a bike shop for a couple of years, one of a chain of two," he says, "and I coached a team of riders who had never raced before. They won some fairly important races. I was racing, too, without distinction—there are hills in Vermont."

Rostang was covering races for various cycling publications when he met Oliver Maria Jr., the U.S. Olympic road coach, at the 1976 Trials. "Martin turned me on to international cycling—a whole new level," Rostang says.

In 1978, having resettled in Manhattan, Rostang went to Italy as press attaché for the first U.S. cycling team in many years to compete in Europe. "I learned a lot about bike racing in those two months," he says. "When I was riding, I really didn't understand about racing. I didn't know how mental the whole thing was, or how complicated."

He knows now and thus is qualified to convey what Boyer is up against for the next 3½ weeks in the Tour de France, and the qualities, unparalleled in an American cyclist, that he brings to the challenge.

Phil D. Haverstick

"I left home at 15, on a bicycle," says writer Byrne (pronounced Barney) Rostang. He left a note on the occasion of his departure saying he'd be back "at the end of the summer, probably." And he did return, but not until he'd traveled all over New England, ending up in Martha's Vineyard. Still, the real conclusion of that summer's odyssey may be his piece on cyclist Jacques Boyer that begins on page 34.

Born in Lincoln, N.Y., Rostang grew up in various places in Connecticut, where he attended what he recalls as an even dozen schools. "I got my B.A. and master's in English from the University of Connecticut," he says. "Then I did part of a Ph.D. at the University of Washington before going into the Army Intelligence Corps in 1959. We had Paul Rothchild, who later became producer for The Doors and Janis Joplin, to give you some idea what the unit was like."

After the Army, Rostang took two jobs in publishing, first with Houghton Mifflin and then with Harcourt, Brace and World, but found them unattractive. "So I quit and put in some time as an overage happer," he says. Actually Rostang, who had made a few bucks in school playing the saxophone,

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CUSTOM TRAILER HITCHES

Footloose

by FRANK LIDZ

THE LEGENDARY MARION TINSLEY IS A CHAMPION WITH A CHECKERED CAREER

We tend to think of checkers as a game played by two Confederate Army veterans sitting at the base of the statue of Robert E. Lee in the courthouse square.

Well, last month, the world championship was played in a small town in the Deep South, Petal, Miss., but not in the town square. The competition took place in the ever-expanding mansion and museum owned by Charles Walker, an insurance tycoon and checkers maven.

In the title match, Dr. Marion Tinsley, 54, a gentle mathematics professor at Florida A & M, once again beat the man who taught him the tournament game, former champ Asa Long, 76, an almost translucent, wavy-haired retired machinist from Toledo, Ohio. They tied 34 games and Tinsley won three. In tournament checkers, that means Tinsley blew Long off the board.

The two finalists played in Walker's International Checker Hall of Fame. The Hall is part of a complex on Walker's 30-acre estate that includes his residence, Chateau Walker, and Chateau Retreat and Chateau Cottage, buildings he uses to house visiting checkers notables. For the last six years he has employed three carpenters full time to tack additions on to his compound, such as a seven-story observation tower adjoining the Hall. He also needs the extra space to hold the huge animal statuary and other objects d'art he's picked up on his travels.

Walker is a poor country boy who made millions selling cancer insurance and who favors flashy leisure suits and two-tone patent leather shoes in green and buff—the colors, believe it or not, of a regulation checkerboard. A disciple of Chicago insurance mogul W. Clement Stone, Walker is a testimonial to the books he reads. His office bookshelf contains *Think and Grow Rich*, *Who's Who in The New Testament* and *The Success System That Never Fails*. His garage also contains evidence of his success; it houses three Lincoln Continentals. "I owe everything I get to God," Walker says. "I believe in paying God first and yourself second. You can't outpay God."

An ideal place from which to watch

continued



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the championship match was the gallery that rings the Hall. The walls are adorned with photographs of great checker players from the past, such as the legendary Richard Jordan and Samuel Gonotsky. It also contains a mounted knight in a full suit of armor, an imposing teak eagle and innumerable wildlife paintings by Walker's father-in-law. "I've always had a desire to accumulate," says Walker.

Tinsley is an accumulator, too, having amassed six national and five world titles since 1948. He has, in fact, lost only one tournament game in the past 23 years. *The Encyclopedia of Checkers*, which is published by Walker, says Tinsley "has been called the Alexander the Great of checkers" and "is to checkers what Leonardo de Vinci [sic] was to science, what Michaelangelo [sic] was to art, and what Beethoven was to music." Tinsley is also a very modest man, who makes no great claims for himself. "I'm perfectly capable of losing a game," he says.

Tinsley ordinarily plans 33 or so moves ahead, he can remember one occasion

on which he thought 83 moves ahead, which is about as far into the future as you can look without help from Jeane Dixon. Tinsley says he once played Newell Banks, a champion in the '20s and '30s, who could also think 33 moves ahead. "But he should have looked 34," says Tinsley, "because that's where I beat him."

For their match Tinsley and Long were tucked away in a corner amid the general ostentation of the Hall of Fame. Their moves were duplicated on a green-and-buff linoleum board almost as big as any ring Muhammad Ali ever fought in. The pieces on the display board were red-and-white foam-rubber cushions about the size of garbage can lids.

Tournament checkers isn't a game that would sell out Madison Square Garden at \$20 a ticket. In fact, it might be more entertaining to watch Richard Petty tune his carburetor, although Walker apparently finds the match so riveting that he videotaped the championship match. The spectacle is played at a pace of 24

moves an hour, but there's often half an hour between the early moves. Apparently, that's when Tinsley thinks his 33 moves ahead. "Chess is like looking across a broad field," he says. "Checkers is like looking down a deep well." The longest game Tinsley ever played was 7½ hours in a championship match in 1958. It ended in a draw.

The most recent Tinsley-Long championship match was played in respectful silence. The only noises in the Hall emanated from a spectator slapping his pencil against the note pad in which he recorded the moves, another tiptoeing quietly to the bathroom and a good ole boy in overalls crunching peanut shells between his thumbs.

Long knew the odds were against him. Indeed, the good ole boy's peanuts ran out about the same time as Long's chances. "Ha, ha, ha," Long says. "I had no delusions. I helped create the monster." The monster, Tinsley, began playing checkers as a boy of 13 in Columbus, Ohio. His opponent was an old woman who roomed



in his parents' home. "She used to beat me and rub it in," he says. "'Take your leap, take your leap,' she'd cackle. She'd whup me every time."

She kept whupping him until he came across a book, *Winning Checkers*, in the neighborhood library. "She'd never play me after that," Tinsley says with a laugh. "I never got revenge." At the age of 18 he became a protégé of the world champion Long, who last beat him in 1948, and worked his way through Ohio State University playing blindfold exhibitions for \$50 against 20 opponents at a time. He never lost. "The difficulty was getting the people together," he says. "Not beating them."

He won his first world championship, a split-venue event held in 1955 in Lakeside, Ohio and Peoria, Ill., by rolling up a jowly Swedish steelworker, Walter Hellman, getting 35 ties and three wins. In those days he was called Two-Ton Tinsley. In the checkers world, that's a joke; he was a vegetarian and weighed just 162 pounds.

Three years later he successfully defended his world title by beating British champ Derek Oldbury, a paraplegic who tried to intimidate opponents by wearing mysterious dark glasses. But Tinsley is impervious to such ploys. He plays the board, not the person. Still, Oldbury became one of the few to beat Tinsley when he won the opener of that 1958 championship. But then Tinsley made Oldbury see the light by winning nine games and tying 24.

Tinsley quit for 12 years after that. For six of those years he didn't play checkers at all. He said he wanted to concentrate on teaching and studying abstract algebra. Indeed, he has lectured extensively on the algebraic number theory, matrix and combinatorial theory and point-set topology—all useful stuff. Other checkers players say there was just nobody around good enough for him to play.

The inner game of world-class checkers is elusive. "Checkers is an aggressive game," says Walker, claiming his

fingernails with a penknife. "It teaches you to look before you leap." Oldbury used to espouse his own checkers theory of relativity. "Checkers has three dimensions," he would say. "There is space [the checkerboard], force [the opponent] and time [the moves]. To win the game you must have an advantage in one or more of these elements. Any position can be assessed in terms of these three elements to determine who has the advantage."

Thus theory amuses Tinsley. He sees checkers more as a game of creativity than force fields. "Originally, my object was purely competitive—to win," he explains. "But after you play a while, the game is filled with indescribable beauty. I study every day. Checkers has the precision of mathematics—when everything falls into place, it's so elegant and exact. In a sense, two good players getting together are producing a work of art," which, in an eclectic setting like the International Checker Hall of Fame, is one achievement in itself.

END



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

FRIENDS OF THE COLLECTION

Every year some 300,000 people ooh and aah over the collection of antique, vintage and classic cars put together by the late Bill Harrah, the hotel-casino owner who died in 1978. The collection, the world's largest of its kind, is an assortment of 13 rented buildings in Sparks, Nev., next to Reno. The cars date back to 1892, and among the gems are the 1907 Thomas Flyer that won the 1908 New York-to-Paris Race, a 16-cylinder 1933 Cadillac Phaeton that belonged to Al Johnson, 18 Duesenbergs and a rich representation of Franklins, Fords and Packards. The most valuable cars are a pair of 1931 Bugatti Royales that would probably sell for \$1 million each. Only six exist, and one of the two in the Harrah collection was built for King Carol II of Romania.

Last year after Holiday Inns, Inc. bought Harrah's operation, there was local worry about possible changes in the organization, especially any that would affect the car collection, which came as part of the deal. Last week the concern was renewed when word leaked out that Holiday Inns wants to dispose of the cars on the grounds that it can't afford a "non-income" venture. Leon Mandel, a Reno resident, a senior editor of *Motor Trend* and author of a forthcoming biography, *The Life and Times of William Fish Harrah, Gambling Magnate*, quickly joined with a group that included former Reno mayor Sam Diliberto, technical adviser to the Maserati Information Exchange; former city planner George Charchalis, a Rolls-Royce buff; and state Senator William Raggio—"a car cuckoo, too," says Mandel—to form Friends of the Collection. In the space of a few days, the Friends got Holiday Inns to postpone any sale while they attempt to raise \$30 million to buy the collection and keep it intact and in Nevada. As a first step, Governor Robert List has offered the Friends the assistance of the state's Economic Development Agency.

"We can't have a Louvre to express

what we are," says Mandel, "but we can have the car collection. Our options include selling economic development bonds and having a national membership for Friends of the Collection. Americans have always been car-crazy, and this collection shows the historical evolution of the automobile, from dead ends to break-throughs. Its value as a collection is as a collection. It should be saved. At this point I'd say our chances are fair to good."

THE PEEL FROM KHEEL

Baffled by the baseball strike? Are you wondering why the players and owners aren't sending out for sandwiches and negotiating around the clock? Is more happening than meets the eye? Listen to the insights of Theodore W. Kheel, a New York lawyer who specializes in labor negotiations, has mediated and arbitrated numerous disputes, and has advised both hired hands and tycoons, including the NFL owners. Kheel isn't involved in the baseball negotiations, but he recognizes some common themes.

"It's basically a very simple dispute," he says. "What's at issue isn't free agency or compensation, but how much compensation there should be. At present the dispute has entered the 'range of indeterminacy,' which means deciding what point in the range the compensation should fall in.

"Both sides are feeling each other out to determine how long each can hold out. That's why there's not much visible negotiating. The tactic is to show that you're not hurting, or that you're hurting less than the other guy. Any eagerness on either side to accept around-the-clock negotiations would be a sign of weakness.

"But even though they're not meeting, the chemistry is at work. I don't know what private conversations are going on, but I can just about guarantee that Marvin Miller and Ray Grebey are talking. You have to keep your lines of communication open. Usually more

gets done privately than at the table.

"I'm not surprised that the dispute dragged on a year and a half before the strike. There wasn't much force being applied. When they went out, both sides had to let off some steam. But now the pressures to reach an agreement are tremendous; they're concerned about how much they are hurting themselves. I believe the pressures will produce an agreement within a reasonable amount of time. Say, one to four weeks."

LLOYD'S OF LOSERS

Kheel's prediction aside, if the track record of Lloyd's of London is any indication, the strike could last a long time. Well before it began the owners paid Lloyd's and other underwriters an estimated \$2 million for strike insurance that



would yield \$100,000 for each game not played up to 500 games—or \$50 million. The insurance goes into effect after 153 games are missed, which means the owners begin receiving their payout on June 25. If the strike persists for the duration of the policy, which would run out on Aug. 8 as things stand now, Lloyd's, as the major underwriter, would have to pay the lion's share of the \$50 million. The bad omen here: In the past few years Lloyd's has had an exceptionally bad time of it, paying out huge sums on one disastrous policy after another. Consider the following:

Butter Mountain, the nickname given a Dutch warehouse that contained \$14 million worth of butter, burned down in 1977, making the small town of Elst

continued

Porsche wins Le Mans. Again.

MULSANNE, France, June 14 — For the 13th time in the past 30 years, Porsche has achieved major victories in the grueling 24-hour endurance test of Le Mans.

A Porsche 936 Turbo Spyder won first place overall—finishing 14 laps ahead of its nearest competitor. Driven by Jacky Ickx and Derek Bell, it covered 2996.95 miles at an average speed of 124.94 mph, establishing a new Le Mans record. In addition, a Porsche 935K-3, driven by Claude Bourgoignie, John Cooper, and Dudley Wood, finished 4th overall and won the Group 5 category.

Porsche 924s also finished Le Mans prominently. A Porsche 924 GTP, driven by Walter Rohrl and Jürgen Barth, finished 7th overall. Running in the GTP category, it won the official award for least time in the pit (56 minutes total, and all for refueling).

A Porsche 924 Carrera, driven by Manfred Shurtl and Andy Rouse, finished 11th overall and won the IMSA GTO category.

Of the 56 cars that began the race, which was run in intense heat, only 20 finished—including 8 Porsches.

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Sweepstakes Game #1**
P.O. Box 2190, Westbury, NY 11591

I think the winning pitchers of the ROALDS BELIEF MAN AWARD for 1981 will be

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Norme

discharge curve

Active:

City

State

Zuo

The Sweepstakes Game #1 ends @ 11:01. See Official Rules.

**OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY
GAME #2**

Roloids Relief Man
Sweepstakes Game #2
P.O. Box 2145, Westbury, NY 11591

Entry for month of
(circle one)
June July Aug. Sept. Oct.

The pitcher who is first in the standings for the BOALDE REUSE MAN AWARD at the end of this month is

Journal of Management Inquiry 15(4)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Sjostrom

Continued from p. 10

Acknowledgements

City

State

Zinc

Print: *Swedish Journal of Game Theory*, #1 (1981), 13-18. See Official Rules.

in which it was located look like a giant pancake, while Lloyd's, which hadn't realized that all that butter was under one roof, wound up with egg on its face. Lloyd's has recently had to pay out almost \$23 million for fire-insurance claims in Canada and the U.S., much of it for buildings that suddenly went up in flames—oh, I say, odd chaps, what rotten luck—in the South Bronx. Lloyd's charged NBC \$2 million to help insure TV coverage of the 1980 Olympics, but then reportedly had to pay out \$45 million when the U.S. boycotted the Games. Hel Corporation of San Francisco got a \$340 million settlement from Lloyd's to cover losses incurred when computer-lease contracts were canceled after IBM put out a new model. In July 1979 a \$45 million tanker, *Atlantic Empress*, carrying 540 million in methylolene, and insured by Lloyd's, sank in the Caribbean. She went down after colliding with the *Aegean Captain*, another—you guessed it—Lloyd's policyholder. Three liquid natural gas tankers under construction in Louisiana turned out to be defective, and last October an insurance syndicate headed by Lloyd's had to pay out some \$300 million. An RCA satellite insured by Lloyd's for \$75 million got lost in space. The San Diego Clippers have collected \$1.25 million from Lloyd's because Bill Walton's left foot wouldn't come round. And just last April, a British court ordered Lloyd's to pay Shell International Petroleum \$25.5 million for the loss of the tanker *Salem*, which allegedly was scuttled at sea by her crew after the oil was secretly sold in Durban, South Africa.

Lloyd's won't discuss the baseball strike insurance, but Benjamin Lipson, a Boston insurance consultant who has seen a copy of the policy, says that's understandable because "It's the nature of the business. Lloyd's is dealing in large amounts, and it's a private and confidential matter." Lipson, who writes a weekly column on consumer insurance for *The Boston Globe*, calls the policy "insignificant and creative," adding, "There's a risk involved for Lloyd's, but unlike most coverages, this one isn't designed to make the policyholder whole. It's a masterpiece of hedging." In sum, Lipson believes that Lloyd's isn't going to be severely hurt by a long strike. So when will the strike end? "My personal feeling is that it'll end within a week," says Lipson.

FOLLOWING UP

• Charlie Fox has spent much of his adult life toiling to protect the Letort, the famed trout stream that meanders past his property near Carlisle, Pa. (SI, Jan. 31, 1977). A retired book editor, probation officer and state land acquisition specialist, Fox spread gravel on the bed of the Letort to assist spawning, brought in rock to hold the stream within its banks and cajoled state officials into enforcing strict measures to protect the stream's native brown trout. Last month a highly toxic insecticide, endosulfan, which had been used to spray watercress bogs on a farm near the source of the Letort, flowed downstream, wiping out much of the Letort's brown trout, some of which flopped onto the stream's banks in their death throes. The farm's owners have since been treating the bogs in an effort to hasten the breakdown of the remaining endosulfan, but state officials say that trout fishing in the Letort may not return to normal for another five years, if ever, and Fox, now 72, says, "I don't know if I'll ever see this stream come back to the way it was."

• It has been nearly five years since the Montreal Olympics and nearly one since a three-member commission headed by Quebec Superior Court Justice Albert Malouf blamed the \$1 billion deficit resulting from the Games largely on Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau. Drapeau, who has been Montreal's mayor for 25 of the last 27 years, promised to issue an elaborate rebuttal to the Malouf report complete with "quotations, illustrations and charts," and when last heard from on the subject, said he was still working on his reply (SCORECARD Nov. 17, 1980). The other day Drapeau told a meeting of the Montreal city council that his rebuttal would be completed before the next municipal elections—in November 1982.

SCREWBALL SEARCH

The success of Fernando Valenzuela, who relies heavily on the screwball, has prompted the Dodgers to try something unique. Without fanfare, Al Campanis, the team's shrewd vice-president for player personnel, has hired Jim Brewer, 43, former Dodger reliever and screwballer of note, to visit the Dodgers' five farm teams this summer in search of youngsters who can learn to throw the screwie. "It's not for everyone," says Brewer, who began working with the Los Angeles team last week. "We'll only

work with those who are comfortable throwing it. If we find two or three, I think the Dodgers will be satisfied. If we're successful, I expect every organization will be doing it next year. Valenzuela learned it so quickly, over winter ball, that Campanis wonders how many other guys might do the same thing."

Brewer has a reputation as a superb teacher. Dick Williams credited him with turning the young Expos' staff into a big winner when Brewer coached at Montreal from 1977 to 1979, and Montreal ace Steve Rogers was so high on Brewer that he bought a home in Brewer's hometown, Broken Arrow, Okla., to get instruction in the off-season. Two years ago, Brewer, who is president of a land-development company, was Oral Roberts University's volunteer pitching coach; this month ORU Pitcher Mike Moore was the No. 1 pick in the draft. He says Brewer improved his curve and taught him to throw the slider. Previously Moore relied on his fastball.

The screwball wasn't always Brewer's forte. He was a mediocre pitcher who had spent six years in the minors when the Dodgers got him from the Cubs after the 1963 season, and in the spring of 1964 he didn't know how long he'd last before going back to the bushes. He'd tried throwing the screwie, but his control of it was erratic. On the Dodgers' first trip to Milwaukee that season, he went out to the bullpen, Warren Spahn, screwballer extraordinaire, was leaning against the fence in the adjacent bullpen, so Brewer walked over and said he had a problem in releasing the pitch. "Spahn never said a word," Brewer says. "He just took a horseball out of his pocket, showed me how he held it and how he released it. I was using my thumb wrong. I had mine underneath the ball, and his was on the side." The entire encounter took only 30 seconds, but, says Brewer, who went on to play another 12 years in the majors, "It made my career."

THEY SAID IT

• Pete Rose, unwavering criticism that he's un-American because he endorses Japanese products: "If there was ever a war, I'd fight for the United States."

• Beano Cook, a publicist for CBS Sports and an ardent football fan, after Bowie Kuhn gave the 52 former hostages lifetime major league baseball passes: "Haven't they suffered enough?" **END**



HAVE A WILD BIRTHDAY, AMERICA.

In 1776, Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The Wild Turkey later went on to

become the proud symbol of our country's finest Bourbon.

Have it on hand for a Wild celebration of America's 205th birthday!



GRAHAM DIDN'T CRACK

Hitting every green, David Graham won the U.S. Open with a nearly flawless final round **by DAN JENKINS**

Without even trying, the glorious old East Course of the Merion Golf Club on the preppy fringe of Philadelphia can lead a player with lore of Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan to the point of daunting—or inspiring—him. Last week a sense of history seemed to inspire David Graham.

Graham went into Merion with a reputation for being several things: a fine iron player, an accurate man off the tee and a survivor under pressure. He left Merion as something more: the richly deserving winner of the 1991 U.S. Open, which, since he won the PGA only two summers ago, makes him a collector of majors now. Graham collects and designs golf clubs, too, but the majors pay better.

At the end on Sunday there wasn't anything very dramatic about what was going on. Graham was simply whipping the daylight out of a golf course that had finally begun to whip everyone else. Merion's par of 280 for 72 holes had not been broken in three previous Opens, and the USGA had tried hard to defend it this time by shaving the greens down to plate-glass slickness and letting the fairways grow to the level of a tossed salad. But Merion's uncommonly short length of 6,544 yards ultimately caught up with it. When Graham walked off the 18th green on Sunday evening he had

continued

The nightmarish Scotch broom in a trap at the 14th didn't sweep Graham away Saturday but cost a bogey

shot a near-perfect 67, three under for the day, to go with his previous rounds of 68, 68 and 70. The round not only propelled him smoothly past struggling George Burns III, the man he had to beat, but also gave him a total of 273, seven under, the second-lowest in the history of the Open, Jack Nicklaus having so memorably scorched Baltusrol with a 272 last June.

It took a while for Graham to crack Burns. Big George started the day with a three-shot lead and hung in there for 13 holes, getting the best of every break, as indeed he had for the three previous rounds. Burns had led the Open after the second and third rounds, in which, however, he displayed a certain characteristic inconsistency. On Friday he played one stretch of seven holes bogey, birdie, birdie, bogey, birdie, bogey, birdie.

On Saturday, at the 11th hole, Burns got one of the great drops in Open history. After two poor shots, he had found himself in a jungle behind a spectator stand and had thereupon been allowed to make a perfectly legal drop out in the clear. All that scrape cost him was a bogey. He might have escaped on Sunday, too, if Graham hadn't been in a mood to win. Burns kept fighting and, for a time, surviving, but Graham was relentlessly steady.

The truth is you can't keep hitting virtually every fairway and then hitting every green—frequently to within birdie range, as Graham was doing—without eroding the competition and ultimately being rewarded.



The first-round leader, Thorpe wound up 11th

Graham began Sunday afternoon by firing rapid birdies on the first two holes to pull within a stroke of Burns. This served to let Burns know rather quickly that it was going to be a ball game, and the fact that he was paired with Graham meant he was going to have to look at his opponent's mastery up close all day. What Burns eventually saw was Graham missing only one fairway and hitting all 18 greens in regulation.

Graham could have birdied several more holes between the second and the

14th, including the fifth, where he three-putted for his only bogey. He seemed always to be within makeable distance.

It was more than appropriate, however, that Graham would seize the lead at the 14th, an extremely tough par-4 that not only requires blind shots but also happened to be the hole on Saturday where he had extricated himself, salvaging a bogey, from a rare detour into a trap bristling with Scotch broom. "I've heard it got over here when Bobby Jones forgot to clean his cleats after a British Open," said Graham.

On Sunday Graham decided to hit a driver off the 14th tee, where previously he had been using a three-wood because the target area is about the size of a throw rug. He nailed his drive perfectly. He then hit a seven-iron to within four feet of the pin on a green that has more levels and speeds than a motor trip around Monaco. There is an old saying at Merion: "The golf course starts at 14." Graham sank the putt for his birdie.

At the 15th, he hit another marvelous tee shot, with a one-iron, and a marvelous eight-iron, and then he sank another marvelous putt from eight feet. As things turned out, with a two-stroke lead at that point and only three holes to play, Graham could have gone ahead and phoned in the order for the 25 cases of champagne he would later buy for the wretches in the press tent.

While Graham played home beautifully for pars on the exacting last three holes, Burns put together a bogey-birdie-bogey finish that left him in a tie with Bill Rogers for second. Rogers, who is known to his contemporaries on the circuit as Slam Dunk for the style with which he plays his short putts, is also among the straightest hitters in golf, which is undoubtedly the best explanation for his success at Merion.

U.S. Opens almost never fail to introduce relatively obscure characters to the glare of the limelight, at least briefly. So it was that Jim Thorpe became a big part of last week's Open. A good-natured black pro, highly popular on the tour, Thorpe led at Merion after a 66 on Thursday and he never completely disappeared from the scene. He finished in a tie for 11th with Ben Crenshaw, whose 64 on Saturday was a story in itself, and Isoo



Nicklaus and caddie, Jack Jr., were two bears in the woods at 18 on Friday. Result: double bogey



In and out of trouble all Sunday, Brodie led for a good while by scrambling from traps and the rough.

Aoki, who duelled with Nicklaus in last year's Open.

If for no other reason, Thorpe was popular with his contemporaries for the expressions he likes to use when talking to his golf ball. While most competitors will tell a shot in flight toward a slick green to bite or sit down, Thorpe says, "Grow teeth!"

All U.S. Opens have incidents, because it's next to impossible not to have them with so many USGA officials strolling about in their striped ties and armbands. Incidents at the Open are usually minor and are made to seem large only because the USGA people work themselves into a cluster and grab microphones and begin to speak interminably in a language that sounds almost like Pentagonese.

The most over-discussed incident of Friday's second round was a penalty for slow play that was not assessed John Schroeder, a notably slow player who shot a 68 that day but finished a full hole and 20 minutes behind the group playing directly ahead. P.J. Boatwright Jr., an executive director of the USGA, had sedulously followed Schroeder. Forrest Fezler and John Brodie, the amateur golfer and ex-pro football player turned NBC announcer, and hit Schroeder and Fezler with two strokes apiece when they came off the 18th green.

Schroeder appealed and asked Brodie to plead his case before the USGA rules

committee. The committee then voted 3-1 not to assess the penalty. What had been Brodie's plea?

"John's a close friend," said Brodie, "but he is slow and he makes playing golf with him a misery. But my argument was, he didn't play any slower than he always does." Ultimately Schroeder poked his way to a tie for fourth.

Triple and double bogeys bedeviled the tournament's two most glamorous players. Nicklaus took a double-bogey six at the 16th on Friday, when he shanked a four-iron second shot into the woods. Nicklaus vehemently denied it was a shank, he just caught the ball "thin," he said. On Saturday he got another double bogey when he three-putted the 14th after a poor drive, a poor second and a poor patch. Neither Jack nor his caddie, Jack Jr., could line up any of those putts. At one point, Nicklaus looked at the gallery and said, "Help." It got a laugh, but it was still a six.

Tom Watson lingered around in remote contention for a couple of days but he departed with a triple bogey on Saturday at the 15th after driving out of bounds with a three-wood and then three-putting.

Graham suffered no such mishaps, no doubles and certainly no triples for com-

Graham had only one bogey on Sunday, took command on 14 and the Open was all but closed

entire tournament, and thus it must have been all the more gratifying that he wound up grabbing the title Sunday with those birdies at the 14th and 15th holes, the very ones that had sent Nicklaus and Watson into retreat.

"Today was as good as I've ever played in my life," Graham said afterward. He is a sincere gentleman and was deeply moved by his feat; he is grateful for the opportunities golf has given him. Once a poor young Australian, he is now a wealthy U.S. resident (Dallas) and has no plans to leave. "I can't vote and I can't work for the government," he said, "but I'm not leaving."

Graham has a sense of golf history, too. On Thursday, after his starting 68, he drove over to Pine Valley in nearby southwestern New Jersey with Crenshaw and had a long look around at one of the game's hallowed layouts. He had never seen it, and Crenshaw, a noted golf-history junkie, was eager to lead him on the sightseeing trip.

The treacherous wasteland of Pine Valley may have reminded Graham of what he still had to do at Merion. That's the thing about U.S. Opens. If you don't keep it straight, the golf ball is going to have to grow more than teeth. **ENR**



DOUBLE DOUBLE, BROIL AND BUBBLE

Having won the 100 and long jump at the NCAA meet, effervescent Carl Lewis duplicated Jesse Owens' track and field double double in the TAC championships in scorching Sacramento by triumphing in the same events **by KENNY MOORE**

An hour before the qualifying round of the long jump in Sacramento last Friday, the first day of the three-day U.S.A./Mobil Track & Field Championships, Carl Lewis sat with his coach, Tom Tellez, in 104° heat and a dry, dusty wind. "The plan," he said with sudden eagerness, "is to organize things to have the best chance of winning the 100 and the long jump."

Forty-five years ago Jesse Owens won that sprint/jump double in the nationals, both NCAA and AAU Lewis had done it at the NCAA meet in Baton Rouge two weeks ago, and now, despite the tempting possibility of approaching Bob Beamon's heretofore inviolate long-jump world record of 29' 2½", felt that equaling his idol Owens' achievement was the more important. "I want to jump as lit-

tle as possible and still win," he said, "so I can be rested for the 100."

Lewis displayed a new pair of jumping shoes, their ⅝ths inch of firm crepe under the spikes tapering to nothing at the rear of the shoe. "Negative heel is what that's called," he said, "so you can roll up on the ball of the foot for more height." In fact, all of his shoes and sweats were new because earlier in the week, while he was dining at San Francisco's Cliff House, a friend's car was broken into and Lewis' gear stolen.

Now grass fires on the verges of Sacramento began to drop sooty ash on Hughes Stadium. Happily oblivious, Lewis went out to warm up, saying, "I love this weather."

"There is an ease about him," said Tellez, "a kind of relaxed control that runs

through his whole life, on the track and off. But look, that tail wind is blowing him too close to the board." Lewis fouled his first attempt.

The crux of horizontal jumping is reaching the board with both speed and the proper position from which to spring. On his second try, Lewis moved the starting point of his 21-step run six inches back, and still didn't get it right. "He backed off on his last four steps to keep from fouling," said Tellez.

Yet on this imperfect jump, Lewis didn't return to earth for 28' 7¾", the second-longest ever, though he knew that the 4.57 meters-per-second wind was more than twice the allowable for record certification. "Uh, I really didn't mean to go that far in the qualifying," he said, shaking his head in gleeful



embarrassment. "This year, I cannot believe this year."

The nationals had a lot to do with all the best U.S. track athletes' year, or at least their summer, because here were selected the teams that will compete in the U.S.S.R. dual meet in Leningrad on July 10-11, the World University Games in Bucharest in late July and the World Cup in Rome in early September. Only first-placers would go to the list (except as alternates or to run relays). "I really want to win the 100 here, so I can run it in the Cup," said Lewis. "If I have the lead after 60 meters, I just know I can hold on."

The meet's second afternoon was just as hot, but with no wind at all. After qualifying for the 100 final with a second-place 10.25 in his heat, Lewis carefully placed his sprint shoes a foot apart beside the long-jump runway, 32' 6" from the takeoff point. "His last four steps are from there," said Tellez. "Watch if his

foot lands behind or ahead of those two shoes and you'll know if he'll have to stretch for the board or slow to hit it."

A swarm of photographers bumped and jostled around the pit. The stands in the area were tightly packed. "There has never been more interest in the long jump than now," said Tellez. "When Beamon did 29 there was no warning, and he never came close again. But this year, with Carl going farther and farther, there has been amazing attention."

Lewis began his run-in. "I just thought, 'Make the first one count.' " he said later. His fourth step from the end was six inches past his shoe check mark. He took two shortened steps to adjust and jumped. He landed at 28' 3/8". There was negligible wind. It was the second-longest legal jump in history.

"If he gets that speed and takeoff right, you'll see something," said Tellez. But Lewis walked solemnly back and picked up his sprint shoes. "That's it," said Tel-

lez. "Too bad. With one more he might have been able to go to the legal high-28s. But he's got to be ready to come back after the 100 because a man named Larry Myricks hasn't jumped yet."

Myricks, who won the 1979 World Cup with 27' 11 1/2" and had beaten Lewis eight of the nine times they had met, did 27' 3/4". He landed on his right hand, his spikes ripping into his ring finger, and he walked to the first-aid tent with a clenched fist of blood and sand.

Lewis, meanwhile, set his blocks for the 100. He was in Lane 7, between James Sanford and Mel Lattany. He got a good start, for him, and was about fourth at 30 meters. "But close," he said later. "I knew I had it then." From 50 to 80 he caught everyone and won by a full meter, finishing with arms up—continued

Arms upraised, Lewis wins the 100 in 10.13 to complete the feat his idol accomplished in 1936





Moses felt pressed by the blazing sun, but was as impressive as ever in winning his 63rd straight

DOUBLE DOUBLE *continued*

raised in 10.13. Stanley Floyd was second in 10.21, with the same time for Lattany in third. Sanford never showed his usual lift and was fourth in 10.22. The four quickly promised a world record in the 4x100-meter relay in Rome, and Lewis returned to monitor the long jump. "I won't jump unless I have to," he said.

The forces necessary to hurl a 175-pound man nearly 30 feet through the air are more than enough to snap anklebones. A tired jumper must accept an increase in that risk. So Lewis' parents and sister, Carol—who had been fourth in the 100-meter hurdles in 13.73 and would take third in the women's long jump with 21' 5½"—intently watched the determined Myricks. He fouled twice and was down to his last jump. But on that one, he soared high and wide, landing dangerously close to Lewis' country,

at 27' 8½", equaling history's fifth best. Lewis was there to shake his hand, even as he stripped off his own shoes. "I hope Larry isn't too down," said Lewis later. "It was the greatest long-jump competition ever." And yet one not entirely fulfilling.

"Did you ever consider jumping again, just for distance?" he was asked.

"No. The only objective here was to win. Even if I'd gone 29' I" on my first jump, I couldn't think of records."

Nor could Edwin Moses, simply because his final in the 400-meter hurdles came on Sunday afternoon when the temperature was 106°. "The sun is just like gravity," he said. "It presses you down. I just want to win and survive." Pressing from the rear was UCLA psychology major Andre Phillips, the NCAA champion. After the field paved the seventh of the 10 hurdles, closely

bunched, Phillips grabbed the lead. "Was I worried?" said Moses later, as if he couldn't have heard the question right. "Not with 100 meters left. That's all I train for, the last hundred meters."

They were even over the ninth hurdle, but Moses attacked it strongly—"You have to get back down on the ground as fast as possible"—while Phillips clobbered the barrier in his lane. Moses quickly built a five-meter lead and eased up to win in 47.59, the sixth-fastest ever, the other five also being Moses performances, four of them accumulated during a consecutive win streak of 63, dating back to 1977. Phillips did 48.10 to become the second-fastest American ever. "Last year I was just running the event," he said. "This year I'm learning it. I think about beating him all the time. I dream about it."

Moses, for his part, tore off his burning shoes and asked an official why the meet couldn't have been held at night.

"It's hot in Rome, too," was all he was told.

Hot or not, Evelyn Ashford was intent on making it back to the World Cup, the meet in which she rose to sprinting pre-eminence in 1979. She has changed her start by switching from feet in the blocks to protect a hamstring injured a year ago, but in the 100 final she seemed the victim of what she felt was overconcentration. "When I'm really nervous, I tend to go to sleep in my start. I only woke up when I saw Jenette Bolden a yard ahead of me." That was at 30 yards. By the end, Ashford was two yards ahead. In the 200, she ran the turn beautifully, showing no sign of a lingering hip injury, and won by eight yards. Her time of 22.30 was astounding when it was learned she had run into a 9.55-mph wind.

Madeline Manning, 33, is astounding, period. Beaten in an early-season race by 20-year-old Leann Warren, the 1968 Olympic 800-meter champion somehow brought herself to a physical and emotional peak for this rematch. Manning blew through the first 200 meters in 26.4, leaving Warren 1.5 seconds back in fifth. The first lap was 56.1. Warren, now in second, was 57.0. The Oregon sophomore gave it all she had over the first lap, but Manning simply refused to yield, and won safely with 1:58.50, only 6 from her American record, for her sixth national outdoor championship in this event or its counterpart. Warren finished a 2:00.08. "It's hard doing that," said

Manning. "It's scary. But if I ever want the world record, it's the only way."

Steve Scott and Sydney Maree are beginning to count the ways they can get into close 1,500-mile races. Scott had outkicked Maree in the Jumbo Elliott mile after a slow pace, then at the Brooks Invitational, Scott again won narrowly by holding off Maree on the final stretch. So, after Tom Byers had taken the field to 800 meters in 1:59.1 in Sacramento, Maree upped the pace to 57.2 for the next 400. With Scott at his elbow, the pair raced away over the last 300. Into the stretch, Scott drew even, then ahead by a nose. "I thought I had him," he said. But Maree dug in, put his head down and came back. Suddenly it seemed that Scott was running in an uphill lane as his back arched and he visibly tied. Maree won in a meet-record 3:35.02. Scott's time was 3:35.51. Maree, the fire still in his eyes, gave a little speech of thanks to his supporters, and his lawyers, who had eased his passage through more than four years of being banned from international competition because he is South African, never mind that he is black. After the race, The Athletics Congress announced that under IAAF rule 12-8 Maree will be able to represent the U.S. in the World Cup because he has estab-

Banks got a high five for a high-fiving triple



Maree, a 1968 Olympic gold medalist, won the 400 in 1:58.50, missing her personal best by only 8

lished permanent residence in America and is in the process of obtaining citizenship.

Hearing this, and being a loyal wife, Kim Scott said, "That's not fair." "Why not?" said her husband. "Sydney won. He wants to be a citizen. And he has something to prove, too." When Maree's wife, Lisa Rhoden, came near, Scott drew her into his arms and said softly, "Your husband did a great job." Then, louder, "I gotta go back to the old tactics of taking it out early, I guess. Rats!"

Asked what might have made the difference in the stretch, Maree answered, "We both wanted to win, but I think I had a little more to lose than Steve. I have had so few of these opportunities."

After the 1,500, the searing day quickly turned to velvet night. And Willie Banks got all excited about soaring through it. First he triple-jumped an American record of 56' 11", adding 1½ inches to his old mark. "But I had mixed feelings," said the tall and voluble UCLA law student. "I wanted that 57." He roared among his competitors, saying, "Let's go farther, let's go farther," because, as he said, "I don't jump on strength. I jump on emotion, and good close competition is the way to a shot of adrenaline." He'd gotten so excited watching Lewis' long jumping that he'd

almost had to leave. "I wanted what he'd done—the longest ever at sea level."

So he went down the runway and got it, bounding nearly out of the pit with a jump of 57' 7½", second only to Jeao Oliveira's world record of 58' 8½" set in the 7,800-foot altitude of Mexico City. His only concern then was whether the facility in Sacramento will prohibit a record being accepted. "They didn't have a board in the runway, or the Plasticine to check if you foul. They just had a white stripe painted across the runway. If that takes the record away I'll be upset, because you get more bounce off a board than off this mushy runway. But what the heck, I'll do it again. I think if conditions are perfect, we'll see a 60-foot jump."

By perfect, Banks means loud. "I wanted to tell the crowd to stop being so respectful and get noisy, get excited. I'm a noise person. I was born under the end of the Travis Air Force Base runway. I came in with noise, and I'll probably go out with noise."

Perhaps, but before then, he'll be the cause of some, too. As will Lewis when he hits his marks perfectly, and Moses when he attacks the entire race. "The World Cup is the time and place for all that," said Banks. So here's to some of that energetic Italian noise.

END



Doc Medich bones up on his work with Doc Harmon, head of orthopedics at John Peter Smith Hospital

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

With bills to pay and off-field careers to pursue, Dr. George Medich and other striking major-leaguers are toiling beside John Q. Public **by STEVE WULF**

Under ordinary circumstances, Doc Medich would have been resting up for his starting turn the next day against the Milwaukee Brewers, but at 7:30 a.m. last Friday, Dr. Medich was at Fort Worth Children's Hospital for a conference on the congenital dislocation of the pelvis. At 8:30 he sat through a basic science discussion on muscle physiology. Then at 9:30 he went over to John Peter Smith Hospital to make rounds with several other orthopedic residents. On this Day 8 of the baseball strike, George Medich had decided that if he couldn't put on his Texas Rangers uniform, he'd don a lab coat instead. A size-48 lab coat, because Medich stands 6' 5" and weighs 227 pounds.

Medich had been invited to Children's, a teaching hospital, by Dr. Michael Myoskie, the chief orthopedic resident and the son of the Rangers' medical director, Dr. B.J. Myoskie. Medich, who is in his second year of a five-year residency in orthopedics, visited nine patients. Most of them were trauma cases, and coincidentally, most of those were victims of motorcycle accidents. Only two of the patients had any idea that the good doctor was a good pitcher.

Medich then examined some X rays, one showing a case of rickets and another a leg fracture. He also attended a round table discussion led by Dr. John Harmon, the chief of orthopedic surgery, and exclaimed later, "Gosh, there's a lot to learn." After all, Medich is only in Triple A in the medical field.

By one o'clock, Medich was out of his lab coat and into a T shirt, shorts and baseball shoes. He and some of the other Rangers had arranged to work out on one of the ball fields at the University of Texas-Arlington. For about 20 minutes Medich threw batting practice to travel agent Jim Sundberg. Sundberg, the Rangers' regular catcher, has an agency in Arlington, which meant he had two strikes against him: his own and the threatened walkout by the nation's air traffic controllers.

All across the country, players found themselves with unaccustomed time on their hands, and some of them were looking for a way to make a buck. In Atlanta, Mike Lum of the Chicago Cubs

was working on his magic act and trying to break in four doves. No, make that five. No magic here—one of the doves unexpectedly hatched a chick. He was also trying to make dove droppings disappear from his garage. Now, if only he could make the strike disappear.

In Ewing, Ky., the Expos' veteran reliever, Woodie Fryman, was rolling his own tobacco farm, tending 25 acres a day and tending to a herd of 75 Holsteins. In Eden, Wis., Jim Gantner, second baseman for the Brewers, was in sink training to ready himself for the time in the not-too-distant future when he might have to work in a relative's plumbing business. In Los Angeles, while Fernando Valenzuela worked out with his teammates at USC's Rod Dedeaux Field, the Dodgers' other rookie pitcher, Dave Stewart, was earning \$6 an hour at the Smith Fastener Co., a whole-



Gantner has the tools to be a great plumber. For Fryman, hanging around with ol' Nuggal is all in a day's drudge at his 300-acre farm in Ewing, Ky.





Mike Heaverlo will leave any team into the win.



Stewart Orr's nuts. Boiling from baseball he got another job.

sale hardware company that supplies nuts and bolts for the Dodger Stadium scoreboard. His agent, Tony Antanasio, helped him get the job. Another agent, Ron Shapiro, had his clients, many of them Baltimore Orioles, doing good works at local hospitals.

Carl Yastrzemski watched his son Mike play for Harwich in the Cape Cod League. In Seattle, A's Pitcher Dave Heaverlo was moving the First National Bank for Bekins' Van and Storage, and Mariner Third Baseman Lenny Randle was pursuing his career as a stand-up comic. Jay Johnstone tended to his auto parts business in L.A., Brachman Ignition Works, and St. Louis Outfielder Tito Landrum was trying to line up work as a model.

In Anderson Township, outside of Cincinnati, Reds Second Baseman Ron Oester was helping his wife run her daycare center by residing to, and playing Wiffle Ball with, their extended family of 40. And while Oester was filling up the sandbox, the Tigers' Richie Hebner was helping his father dig graves in a West Roxbury, Mass. cemetery. "It's not a very predictable occupation," said Hebner, "but if it gets much slower than this, I'll start calling around to see how people are feeling."

"Whenever I see Hebner," says Medich, "he'll say, 'If you ever screw up, keep me in mind.'" Medich doesn't appreciate the time off, even though he usually averages about one day of vacation between the baseball and medical seasons.

Even a little boss fishing last week in Texoma with teammates Leon Roberts, Jim Kern and Ferguson Jenkins didn't cheer him up. "It's depressing," he says. "This is my first summer vacation since high school, and I can't enjoy it. Two professions, humph. Heck, right now I feel like I don't have any."

Medich has always fought hard to have them both. Growing up in Aliquippa, Pa., where he idolized the town doctor and starred in three sports in high school,

he naturally wanted to pitch for the Pirates and attend the University of Pittsburgh's medical school. The Pirates, however, were scared off by his desire to play ball and pursue a medical career at the same time. The Yankees made him a low draft choice in 1970, but still doubted his ability to combine the two careers. "Everybody told me how it couldn't be done," says Medich, "but they had blinders on. It seemed like I was the only one who knew it could be done." During the 1971 World Series, Medich invited Lee MacPhail, then the general manager of the Yankees, to have lunch with him and Dr. Alvin Shapiro, the associate dean of the Pitt medical school. At lunch, Medich outlined his plans and convinced both men he could do it.

Over the years, Medich has had to make certain concessions to both careers, but only in terms of time, not devotion. He certainly didn't have to get up early last Friday to attend the conference; he received no credit toward his residency requirements. Even on the road, Medich will sometimes get himself invited to hospitals to make rounds. Mike Mysocake says Medich is always quizzing him about the latest developments in orthopedics, even at the ball park.

Medich graduated from med school 2½ years behind his class, but in the meantime he was establishing himself as one of the more reliable starters in baseball. He had everything under control until 1977. Then for the first time in his career he had arm problems, and he was shunted from Pittsburgh to Oakland to Seattle to the New York Mets. "I felt like a U-Haul trailer, going from town to town," he says. "You can learn a lot about yourself when your elbow blows up and you're a free agent." After the '77 season, Medich signed with the Rangers, whose president happened to be Bobby Brown, the cardiologist who once played third base for the New York Yankees. Unlike Dr. Medich, however, Dr. Brown had quit baseball when he started his residency. The main reason Medich signed with Texas was the Rangers' offer, a four-year, \$1 million contract that calls for another four years at \$50,000 per as a medical consultant.

Medich has been a steady, if unspectacular, performer for the Rangers. Last year he was the best starter on the staff, with a club-high 14 wins, and enjoyed

continued

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his finest season since 1974, when he went 19-15 with the Yankees. This year he is 5-3 and second in the league in shutouts with two. Overall, he has a career record of 107-88. Originally, he planned to pitch in the majors for only five years. "But after five, I was still having fun, and I still am," he says.

If he continues to play baseball, he has a long way to go to become a full-fledged physician. Completing the last three years of his residency will take him another five winters. Last winter he was at St. Francis Hospital in Pittsburgh. Every day he was up at 5 a.m. and home at 7 p.m., every fourth day he was on call all night. (Baseball is more humane. As a pitcher, Medich works every fifth day.) "My daughter, Kelly, must think she has a very strange daddy," Medich once said. "In the summer she sees me on television, and in the winter I go away at crazy hours and wear a white coat."

Mike Mycoskie remembers reading about Medich before he came to the Rangers. "I wondered how anybody could possibly do both," he says. "But after meeting him and talking to him, I could see how he could handle it. In baseball and medicine, you need perseverance and concentration. Fortunately, doctors have a lot more control over their destiny than pitchers. We don't have to worry about the infielders behind us."

Medich resists all attempts to mix baseball and medical lingo, which is perfectly understandable if you consider how many times he's had to read and hear: "Doc Medich throws aspirin tablets." When applied to Medich, however, the word "save" does have special meaning. Three seasons ago, he saved the life of a heart attack victim in the stands by applying cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

Eventually, Medich would like to contribute to sports medicine. Although that sounds like a natural, he would be one of the few pro athletes to enter the field. "The arm is still a mysterious thing," he says. "They say Little League should never throw a curve, but I've been throwing one since I was 10. There are some pitchers who sleep in long sleeves and never sit next to an open window. I think that's bordering on the neurotic. Nobody has the answers yet." To that end, Medich is working with a North Texas State biomechanist, Dr. Don McIntyre, on a



And for his next trick, Lam, performing here at an Atlanta club, will try to make the strike disappear

slow-motion film showing a pitcher's arm as the ball is thrown. They hope to pinpoint the biomechanical stress put on each joint. "I may have a lot of time to work on that this summer," says Medich.

While Grebby Ball is being played, Medich will continue to work out with his teammates, although some of the players, fearful of a financial pinch, have already scattered. Ideally, Medich would like to pitch a simulated game every fifth day, but he might not be able to find a catcher willing to catch 15 pitches, wait 40 minutes, catch 15 pitches, and so on, for two hours.

After practice on Friday, Medich headed for a nearby Dairy Queen. Between bites of his chili dog and sips of his shake—he's an orthopedist, not a nutritionist—Medich talked about the strike. The only person in the world who's a member of both the Major League Players Association and the American Medical Association had no sympathy for the owners. "They wanted this to happen," he said. "They're the ones who have to show some movement. They're the ones who are responsible for the continuity of the game."



Gester and daughter Julianne on duty at his day-care center

A customer in the Dairy Queen, unaware that there was a pitcher, much less a doctor, in the house, started ranting and raving about the damn players, and their damn greed, and damn Dave Winfield and the poor damn fans. Medich listened for a while, and said, "We're the bad guys in this thing, but people just don't understand. I don't want a vacation."

END

I n the 78-year history of the Tour de France, cycling's foremost competition and the biggest spectator event in the world, no American has ever taken part. This week one will. His name is Jacques Boyer and he comes from California. It's something like being the first French-

man to start for the Steelers, and it hasn't been easy. Boyer's rise has been largely invisible to Americans, which is understandable. For one thing, bicycle racing is all but ignored by the media in the U.S. For another, Boyer has lived and raced primarily in France for the last



eight years. Today he is the No. 2 man on the No. 1 French team, Renault-Gitane, led by the world's premier cyclist, Bernard Hinault, winner of the Tour in 1978 and '79. Boyer has become a considerable star in Europe in his own right, especially since his excellent fifth-place road

finish in the 1980 world championships.

The centerpiece of that competition was a 168-mile race in the rugged country around Sallanches in southeast France. The 8.4-mile course included a 1.6-mile climb of such steepness that it simply peeled riders off the back of the pack

each time around. Of 107 starters, only 15 finished, but Boyer had enough left to launch a final attack, just missing a bronze medal. Although the race was won by Hinault, at an average speed of 22.09 mph, Boyer was so impressive that the legendary Eddy Merckx, five-time winner of the Tour de France, came over to congratulate him at length, and Hinault immediately saw to it that Boyer was signed by his Renault team. Renault had recently signed another American,

This week Jacques Boyer, one of the few Americans to make it in European cycling, will become the first to ride in its main event, the Tour de France

by BJARNE ROSTAING

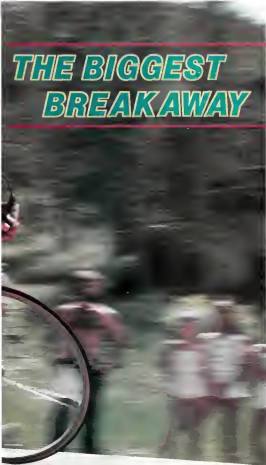
the spectacular junior world champion Greg LeMond of Carson City, Nev., but at 20 LeMond is a year or two from maturity. At 25, Boyer is considered ready for the rugged 25 days of the Tour.

Look at him in racing shorts and jersey and you see a well-proportioned but specialized body, with what the French respectfully call *la souplesse*, which means that the longer the going the looser the muscle. Boyer is 6 feet tall but weighs less than 150 pounds, 128 at racing weight, when the oxygen-guzzling, big-veined muscles stand out on his long, smoothly muscled legs. The voice goes with the body: it is cool and remote, concealing a basic shrewdness that works on both sides of the Atlantic, and his French is now superb.

Europeans see Boyer, along with LeMond, Mike Neel and George Mount, as leading a resurgence of American cycling. At the turn of the century, no one was better at the tough old sport than the Americans. In the '30s six-day racing at Madison Square Garden was very big stuff, with a following that included movie stars, politicians and impressionable writers. The young Henry Miller, who bought his bike from a pro, wrote about cycling knowledgeably, as did F. Scott

continued

Lean and supple, Boyer pedals to victory in the 80 Coors Classic after an exasperating '79 defeat



THE BIGGEST BREAK AWAY

Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. But then the automobile took over in the U.S., and competitive cycling went into a long decline.

In the century during which cycling has been a major world sport, a variety of events have evolved for road and track, but Boyer is essentially a road racer, as most pros are today. The money is on the road. European men's amateur road racing is a pre-professional sport, like American college football, for many of its participants. "They aren't doing it for fun, beyond a certain age," Boyer says.

You're talking about supporting families, making a living.

Professional cycling has been called the most physically demanding sport. Grueling and dangerous, full of hard men fighting their way up from farm or factory, it can eat you alive. On a typical pre-season training day a cyclist will put in six or more hours of riding—anything less than 500 miles a week isn't considered very serious—and these distances are slogged out in the cold and wet of late winter. Boyer will train more than 700 miles a week if he feels he needs it, much of this at racing pace.

Training per se tends not to exist after the first few weeks of the season. There is just too much racing, and most off-day

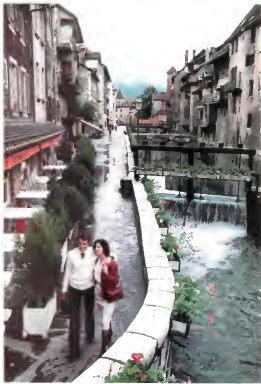
rides are undertaken mainly to loosen up and aid recuperation. It's not the training but the Continental season itself, running from February through the beginning of November, that destroys unwary riders. The racing is faster than in the U.S., and on difficult, often mountainous, courses, with much steeper grades than those of the more modern American road system. Pavement can be rough and cobblestones rattle the bones, break bicycles and shatter out from under the hard, thin, delicate racing tires when it rains.

A race that begins at sea level with the temperature at 95° can finish on snowy mountain passes. Boyer recalls one race in which snow fell on the major climb, and eventually everyone's derailleurs iced up so that only one gear was available—which didn't stop the race. Riders collapse fairly often, and it's not unusual for a man to simply ride off the road, exhausted to the point of not being able to see straight, but still pedaling. With starting fields of between 100 and 200 riders, a finish in the top 10 is a real accomplishment.

The ultimate test of the sport is the tour, or race in stages, lasting anywhere from a few days to a few weeks. Teams generally of eight to 12 riders compete, their goal to spring one or two men free of the pack to go for the finish line.

The stage race is Boyer's specialty, and you have to wonder how Carmel, Calif., could have prepared him for it. Carmel looks like a place where a bike racer might retire, a sunny green expanse on the ocean. But Boyer didn't like Carmel all that much. He arrived there at six, from Moab, Utah, a small town out of which his geologist father, Winston Philip Boyer, traveled the desert prospecting for oil, uranium and other precious metals. Living in a trailer near the cliffs and desert of Arches National Monument, Boyer and his brother, Winston, a year older, were exposed to a spare frontier reality. "We made up our own things to do," Jacques says. "We were into nature and animals, especially reptiles. We didn't see a lot of people, really. We spent all our time outside, in the hills. It was interesting, and my father is an interesting man. He grew up on a Wyoming ranch and is a good horseman. He can always find some original way to do things."

But the elder Boyer made a thin living at it. His marriage ended amicably in 1961, and his wife, Josie, left for California to join her parents in Carmel, with



Off the bike: Boyer (left) with Elizabeth in the old quarter of Annecy, where they live while in France.

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If we all speak up, Washington will listen.



Boyer (right) and Hissaki (yellow jersey) on an ascent to May's Dauphiné Libéré, which Hissaki won

BREAKAWAY continued

two very independent boys and their sister, Eliza, nine.

Josie Swift Boyer, originally from Pasadena, now lives in a quiet, casual corner house full of books. In the house one finds a kind of summer-cottage ease, along with a definite if unspoken sense of tradition and values. "There's nothing more individualistic or determined than a prospector," says Josie Boyer of her former husband. "I could see I was going to have to earn some money to bring the children up."

The Swift in her name came to her via the meat-packing family, but the Swift money did not, she says—nor did it finance her son's career, as some believe. So Josie Boyer took a degree in elementary education and began teaching school in nearby Monterey. Boyer may be the Phil Mahre of bike racing, but his mother doesn't rush a visitor to the trophy room. She's more concerned about the basics—Jacques' recent marriage to Elizabeth Underwood, his general well-being, his future; these are things that pro sports can tamper with, and she knows it. On the other hand, she also knows her son is tough. He could always defend his privacy, even as a child.

"I didn't know what he was like, even though we had a close relationship," she says. "He was always out there, active, but I don't have a clue as to what was

going on in his mind. I don't know why he became a bicycle racer, or as good a bicycle racer as he is. Except that stamina runs in the family, both sides. But why Jock wanted to be—had any concept of wanting to be—"first." I don't know. [Boyer was born Jonathan, "Jock" to friends and family; the years in France have made him "Jacques" to millions of European fans, and that is the name he uses today.] He didn't care to play competitive games, even at school.

"When he got interested in something, he would stay with it. He told me that he had to stop reading in the fourth grade because when he found the Tolkien books, he couldn't stop. The teacher would catch him with *The Hobbit* inside his math book. I think the thing that interested him most, before bicycles, was animals. Jock always loved snakes especially, and knows a great deal about them, has no fear of them. He thought of becoming a veterinarian before going to France."

It was brother Winston who got Jock into cycling. "In grade school Jock wasn't any bigger than anyone else, but he was sort of a tough guy," Winston says. "He'd get into fights once in a while and beat somebody up. People would hire him for their bodyguard. He was competitive. I think that was part of the two of us together—he was always trying to do what I did." His mother adds, "Whatever Jock did, he got away with. He'd come home

after school with a black eye and a bruised jaw, but there wasn't a word about it. Somehow he never got caught."

Overflowing with energy, "He would drive everybody crazy in the off-season, when he wasn't supposed to ride for two months," Winston says. "He would be holding down two jobs and you'd find him in front of the house at 3 a.m. polishing this car he was going to sell. When he's riding, he's fine. It calms him down."

Boyer's grandmother, Lili Swift, remembers that he was by turns impulsive and practical as a young child. He would throw impressive tantrums, which he stopped immediately when it became clear there was no point in continuing. She isn't surprised that he is good at languages: "He was such a good mimic—he would entertain us at the dinner table by imitating all his teachers. They were very good imitations."

"I lost him," is the way Josie describes what happened when that energy and temperament encountered the bicycle. She's still a little troubled by Boyer's early, abrupt and complete removal from "normal" life. Whatever experiences he would otherwise have had between 15 and 25 are gone—her word—almost as if he had entered the military or the priesthood.

When Josie Boyer lost her son to cycling, he fell first into the good hands of neighbor Sam Hopkins. In racing circles, Hopkins is known as Heidi Hopkins' father, his daughter being the No. 2 U.S. woman rider. Around Carmel the slight, soft-spoken, white-haired Hopkins is considered a genuine *cycliste sportif*, though he never raced seriously. Hopkins recalls that any ride with the Boyers ended up fast. A lot of miles were put in with Hopkins—unstructured, low-stress miles of the type Frank Shorter thinks may often be the most productive kind of basic training for runners. By the time Jock was 15, he could do a pair of pretty quick 100-mile rides back-to-back and feel no distress the next day.

"Jock just didn't like to come in second," says Hopkins, who gave Boyer his first two racing bicycles. Hopkins saw talent in Boyer, and something more. "What impressed me was the way he bit those corkscrew turns down mountains," Hopkins says. "He was absolutely fearless, and he always had a rather cool manner. He has that still. It annoys some people. They think it's snobbish, or egotism, but he just wasn't much of a smiling guy."

continued

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Not unfriendly, but he had that sort of confident manner. He's intelligent, he's got tremendous determination and he's willing to suffer."

George Farrier, an ex-Marine, could not be more different from the mild-mannered, speculative Hopkins. Farrier, who believes in the single-minded pursuit of excellence, has made himself a millionaire by means of a regional fast-food chain. His house stands atop a small mountain in Carmel, with a 72-foot mast for his ham radio transmitter, which Boyer helped install, anchored in concrete. Around 1968 Farrier was drawn into Carmel's cycling fraternity, and he became a bike enthusiast.

Josie Boyer has suggested that Farrier may be a sort of father figure to her son, and certainly he taught Jock how to get on in the world. His picture of Boyer at 14 is of an unformed but obsessed kid, interested only in bike racing. "He was a worker, though. You couldn't find anything too hard for him," says Farrier. "I'd give him something ridiculous to do, like

cleaning all the spiders out of a barn. He'd spend all afternoon at it and come out covered with cobwebs, laughing."

Remo d'Agliano is another of Boyer's mentors. From him Boyer got an appreciation of the fine points of cycling that comes only with experience. Today the Italian-born d'Agliano is the proprietor of a Carmel restaurant, but back in the '50s he qualified at age 16 to ride "first category" in Europe against mature riders four and five years older. He raced for the Athletic Club of Boulogne-Billancourt (ACBB), which was, and is, the most powerful and prestigious French amateur club. D'Agliano lasted four years. In his best year he had an astonishing number of victories (56) but was burned out at 20 by the merciless Continental race schedule. Local talent doesn't often impress him, but Boyer did.

Says d'Agliano, "Two friends of mine, Sam Hopkins and George Farrier, said there was this skinny young boy who was already riding very well, and if I wanted to have a look? The only way to see was to go up Los Angeles. At that time I was going up that hill pretty good. I couldn't keep up with him. A year later he climbs that hill in 10 minutes, which nobody has ever been able to match. From that day, I start working with him—and he didn't need too much work. He was one of those natural-gift persons. He did everything well. Not a strong sprint, but no matter, he is for the long distances and the mountains, for the stage racing."

Position on the bike, pedal motion, cadence, reflexes, choice of gears, corner-

ing and handling techniques were all there, says d'Agliano, and Boyer hadn't yet raced a bicycle. Character, too. Europeans talk a lot about character. The sport can be so miserable and demanding that without strength at the center, a rider gets bent out of shape. The hypnotic effect of constant racing destroys perspective, alters a rider's sense of his real condition, eats away at his composure and makes him suggestible. He may ask too little of himself or too much, forcing himself past thresholds at the wrong time, ultimately destroying his career, as happened to d'Agliano.

The Boyer boys started racing in 1971, in the talent-rich northern California district of the U.S. Cycling Federation, which also produced LeMond, Neel and Mount. The Boyers won their first two junior races, deliberately coming across the line together. In 1972 Jock won the NorCal junior championship and sneaked into a few senior races, winning the first against Pan Am gold medalist Ron Skarin. "There was this little kid I never heard of, and he beat me!" was Skarin's flabbergasted reaction.

Boyer kept on beating people, and in 1973 he was sent to the Junior European Championships in Munich. The U.S. road team didn't do much, but Boyer managed a neat spin-off. D'Agliano and a friend arranged for him to spend the following five months racing with a small club in southern France. Characteristically, Boyer prepared himself off the bike as well as on, taking an intensive course in French. He was also fairly sensational on the bike. Pierre Barrière, *directeur sportif* of the club, wrote d'Agliano of Boyer. "... For a minute, in his first race, I saw Anquetil." This was praise indeed, Jacques Anquetil being a five-time Tour de France winner and the greatest French rider ever. And because Barrière had raced in Anquetil's équipe, he knew how Anquetil rode—smart and smooth. Nobody ever looked better on a bicycle.

Boyer returned to the U.S. to earn some money, waiting on tables and doing odd jobs for Farrier. In 1974, at 18, he went back to France, making a seamless transition from easy junior racing in the provinces to big-time pre-professional senior competition for ACBB. d'Agliano's old club, under *directeur sportif* Paul Wiegant.

By 1975 his successes had marked him as a considerable talent, and the sport-

continued



Former racer Remo d'Agliano, proprietor of a Carmel restaurant, and ex-Marine George Farrier (vacationing in Switzerland) were formative influences on Boyer during his California adolescence.



HERBIE HANCOCK LIONEL HAMPTON NANCY WILSON MEL TORMÉ GERRY MULLIGAN GEORGE SHEARING ELLA FITZGERALD DAVE BRUBECK THE CRUSADERS

OSCAR PETERSON SAMMY VAUGHAN BILL COSBY B.B. KING DIZZY GILLESPIE WOODY HERMAN MILES DAVIS WEATHER REPORT CHICK COREA CARMEN McRAE CAG CALLOWAY

RON CARTER TONY WILLIAMS CLAYTON KERRY ZOOT SIMS DONALD BYRD FREDDIE HARGARD JOE WALLINGS ART BLANEY AND HUNDREDS MORE



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ing press liked him—he stood out from the pack with a silky front-running style. He was living in the ACBB racing headquarters at the time, in what Farrier describes as a closet. "Not a small room, a closet. Just room for a bed."

"I didn't mind," Boyer says. "I was having a good time. I really loved France."

But in 1975 Wiegant and the ACBB didn't exactly take good care of their American. Four stage races and 90-odd starts blew him out, though he continued to finish well. The pace caught up with him in the 16-stage Tour of South Africa. His race diary tells the story, less in the words he wrote than in the deterioration of his writing and grammar. Wiegant had wasted another kid, people said, and Boyer went back to Carmel bone-tired for the first time in his career. Typically, he nevertheless held down two and at times three jobs, working days and nights.

The year 1976 was "terrible," Boyer recalls. "My first really bad year. I felt used, too much racing the year before. You don't know that while you're doing it, but then the tiredness keeps coming back." One result was his failure to make the 1976 Olympic team. "The ACBB sent him back for the Trials with pneumonia," says Oliver Martin Jr., the Olympic road coach. "He had been a shoo-in for that team." Boyer took the diagnosis philosophically. When he felt better he went back to France, salvaging his season with a couple of Italian wins.

Then Boyer returned to Carmel to think things out. He decided he needed a new affiliation, and that it would be the Union Sportive de Crétail, Maurice Moucheraud, director. Boyer achieved 10 early-season 1977 wins, the most important being the 99 miles of Paris-Ezy, in which he kicked ACBB butts hard in a race that club had won seven consecutive times. He moved in with Moucheraud, who couldn't believe Crétail's good luck. He was right: Lejeune-BP, Crétail's pro affiliate, snapped Boyer up in midseason to ride back-up for team leader Lucien van Impe, the 1976 Tour de France winner. Boyer was issued pro racing license number 007, to the delight of the press, his initials even being J.B. Because of his father's Wyoming ranch, however, their nickname for him was The Cowboy.

In the very difficult Dauphiné Libéré that year, Boyer established himself as "mountain lieutenant," No. 2 man on the

team. He had an ugly high-speed crash in 1977, on a mountain descent, which left him sprawled bloody and nearly unconscious over a stone wall at the edge of a cliff. But he recovered and made a quixotic last-minute decision to enter the world championship in Venezuela, competing for the U.S.

There, he punctured a tire and had to drop out, and not long thereafter he felt the effects of a classic South American intestinal affliction that bothered him all winter. He recuperated slowly, though as usual working at three different jobs.

When the '78 season opened, van Impe had left Lejeune. Boyer was spectacular in one stage of the Tour of the Mediterranean, but after that it was all downhill again. He was the best Lejeune had, but with the Venezuelan bug still in his system, he was no replacement for van Impe. Goaded by the resentment of his teammates, he drove himself ferociously. He ate well, but found himself losing weight. Clearly, he was sick, but among bicycle racers illness isn't uncommon; while a man may ease up for a while, basically he is expected to "ride through it." However, the bug in his gut seemed to be preventing him from digesting what he ate. French doctors couldn't cure him, and the team wasn't sure he was really that sick, so he went on doing what he does best. He pushed himself. Silent, bone-weary, losing weight, still very proud, he never quit.

"The guys on the team were really down on him. They'd tell him, 'You're not really sick,' and so forth. It went on and on," says Winston, who was there to watch his brother ride. Boyer went into the '78 Dauphiné in late May in this condition, and on the big mountain stage he stayed with the leaders over the major climbs. Then, near the finish, he self-destructed. "When he came in, I'd never seen him like that," says Winston. "He didn't know where he was. Being Jack, he started the next day, but he only got about 12 miles down the road. He was wiped out."

In mid-June 1978, Boyer went to see Dr. Wha-Ja Kim in Monterey for intensive acupuncture treatments. And as far as anyone can tell, this, plus some antibiotics, is what finally worked. "People smile, you know," Winston observes, "but he was sick before going to her, and afterward he wasn't."

Hardly had he recovered from the intestinal disorder when he developed a



Sam Hopkins gave Boyer his first racing bibs.

general infection that culminated in a kind of sore throat that extended from the bronchi up to the mouth and gums, and he literally couldn't swallow. This illness very nearly killed Boyer. Despite bed rest, his condition deteriorated. "For a week he couldn't even drink," says Winston. "Two or three spoons of soup a day was all he had. One doctor said tapeworm, another said herpes, another said strep throat. He was down to 118 pounds. I was afraid for him."

That was the end of Boyer's season. Indeed, there was every reason to believe it was the end of his career. The word was out—Boyer was cooked at 22. Boyer wasn't cooked, but it took 3,000 to 4,000 million units of penicillin a day for two weeks to knock out the infection, and perhaps it helped that that December he met an attractive brunette named Elizabeth Underwood at a Carmel party. A Texas girl who had worked in advertising in New York, Underwood liked sports and had been the Texas state collegiate women's fencing champion. She also had an independent, feisty streak of her own. She liked to travel, she liked to drive fast. They were married last October.

In July '79 Boyer went into the nine-stage Red Zinger race in Colorado. He was the favorite and the racing went according to plan, with Boyer taking an early lead and holding it despite uneven team support. Then, on Stage 4, some-

continued

thing happened that would never have occurred in a European race. Boyer was assessed a five-minute penalty for crossing the center line. If not totally without precedent in the sport, a penalty of that magnitude was certainly remarkable by world standards—10 seconds can be decisive in a race, and a penalty of half a minute can cause the withdrawal of whole teams. Five minutes toppled Boyer to sixth place. He succeeded in taking back all but 40-odd seconds from the eventual winner, Dele Stetina, and was breathing down his neck at the end. "Boyer obviously won the race," said one rider. "Five minutes is ridiculous." Particularly since Boyer says it wasn't even he who crossed the line.

Totally fed up, Boyer decided his plan for the remainder of '79 and '80 should be to forget bike racing and work out of Switzerland as the European representative for Grab On, manufacturers of a handlebar pad. But when he arrived in Europe he was asked to ride for the Puch team, and he did. Back into racing, Boyer rode the Tour of Switzerland early in 1980 to find out if he could still handle long, hard stages with the Tour de France contenders. On the big mountain stage he got his answer, smoking by past and future Tour winners van Impe and Joop Zoetemelk. Farrier was present at this deeply gratifying moment. "He went out the first day O.K.," says Farrier. "Second day, sick on the hill. But that never stopped him. Boy, he started coming on, coming on. Then he crashed, a bad crash, end over end, all skinned up. Both knees, both arms. Didn't stop him. Then I meet him at Spiez [a stage finish] when they came in. He was right up in the sprint there. He was picking up, picking up all the time. And he crashed again that day—trolley tracks. Then at the next-to-last stage, which came over Klausen Pass, I was standing on top. It was snowing off and on. They had to go 165 miles that day. Three first-category climbs—mountains.

I'm looking over the snow and here comes Becchia, the man that ultimately won, a couple of chaps after him, and here comes Boyer, next over Klausen after a day like that!"

Then Boyer returned to the U.S. to train for the Coors, formerly the Red Zinger, and won a number of American races. But after the Tour of Switzerland, he had really been looking toward the '80 Worlds and a chance to reestablish himself in Europe on his own terms. Along the way the Coors was the only U.S. race that could help in his preparation. Boyer, Neel and Canada's Ron Hayman led a five-man team, and on the long road stages Boyer was a lesson in something: indifference, disdain, contempt or dumb arrogance, depending on whom you

Boyer and several teammates were away by the first turn, and closed in on the pack on Lap 19. They lapped the field and drove on through like an express train, going for the second lap. What you saw was what you had been seeing all week—*la soupeuse*. Boyer's long body down flat to the tubes, rolling a big gear with deceptive ease, and lapping Londofo for the third and decisive time right in front of the grandstand, to an amazed hush followed by an endless ovation.

Elizabeth Boyer will tell you that the secret of her husband's success is that he works harder than other Americans, that he sacrifices more and that his ascetic streak is suited to the sport. She has it right. But also behind Boyer's success,

behind the success of any world-class rider, is the capacity to endure, ignore and, if possible, to use a certain kind of pain. The mysteries of dominance and submission aren't purely physical, and Boyer's bottomless cool is only partly a gift. A master of the mental aspect of competition, he has explored ways to maximize his capacity for concentration and control: yoga, meditation, something called mind psibiotics. Since 1978, religion. Almost no one feels that Boyer has an absolute physical edge. What he does have, almost always, is an inner cohesiveness. Boyer's *soupeuse* is more



In Carmel, Winston, Joanne and Elise Boyer, with Jenny, wait news from France

talked to. He went to the front for long periods, stretching the field out to a thin red-faced line of suffering wheeluckers. Then he blew up on the Morgul-Bismark stage, and Colombia's Antonio Londofo took a lead of more than four minutes.

The final North Boulder Park criterium amounted to this: either Londofo would crash or Boyer would have to make up three laps on him, which had never before been done to a race leader on this 69-mile course. Colombians are vulnerable on the flats, though, and what followed was a technical demonstration in the art of short-course racing that will be long remembered in Coors country.

than physical. He reads situations and reacts creatively where others are distracted and make mistakes. Stress and perception seem to interact positively. He knows how to target a just-possible goal and get to it.

"Anything can happen, you know," he says. "For the whole middle of the Worlds race, I didn't think I was going to be able to finish—people were dropping out very early, good riders. But anything can happen. You just have to be there for it to happen."

From June 25 to July 19 in the Tour de France, Boyer will be there. We will see what happens.

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A fight without the phony

in a bout in which Jim Watt lost his WBC lightweight title to Alexis Arguello, neither man felt compelled—before, during or after—to behave like an idiot. Amazing!

At London's Wembley Arena late last Saturday night, the tunes of glory from the bagpipes were stilled and the banners drooped. It was the last round of the WBC lightweight championship fight, and for the Scots there in the hall, the end of an old son, as they say up there. Jim Watt, the lefthanded titleholder, their idol, was irretrievably behind on points to Alexis Arguello of Nicaragua, but he was still standing, bleeding badly though he was, still throwing right jabs to try to counter the cruel left hooks that had done him in.

Mandful of the ugly bottle-throwing rioting that marked the end of the Alan

Minter-Marvin Hagler middleweight title fight in Wembley last September, the law was on hand in heavy strength, ready for trouble at the final bell. And there were enough hard men in tartan scarves and bomber jackets on hand to make the police presence look entirely sensible.

But suddenly, unforgettably, it became clear that the bobbies might just as well go home. In the ring the fight was over, and the two boxers were locked in an embrace that came unmistakably from an unfeigned mutual respect. A sad, but not bitter, moment for Watt, a joyful, but not arrogant, moment for Arguello—a moment that easily could have been foreseen earlier were it not for the automatic cynicism that boxing attracts to itself by the way it's normally conducted.

Upon arriving in London, for instance, Arguello had unaccountably neglected to spit, snarl or grunt threats. Instead he had inquired after Watt's family. Watt had struck the same note. "Alexis and myself are both proud professionals," he declared, "and a world championship fight should be a dignified affair."

"Watt is a great champion," countered Arguello, "a decent man, always smiling, always polite outside the ring. I prefer to be like that also."

Courtesies aside, it was a sure thing that in Watt's four defenses of his championship since winning it from Alfredo Pitalua in 1979, he had met no one with the credentials of Arguello. Compact, strong, extraordinarily skilled and speedy, the handsome, mustachioed Arguello, 29, was a veteran of 15 world championship fights, only one of which he had lost—the first, on a decision to then WBA Featherweight Champion Ernesto Marcel. Later in that same year, 1974, Arguello won the WBA featherweight title when he knocked out Ruben Olivares. Ever since, except for

two brief intervals while he was moving up in weight class, he has been a world champion.

He made the first of those shifts in 1978 when he became a super featherweight and knocked out Alfredo Escalera for his second title. After nine defenses of that crown Arguello quit, undefeated. Now he wanted Watt's title. That gained, he would find himself in a select group of fighters who have held three titles—Henry Armstrong, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross and, currently, Wilfred Benitez.

Though the proliferation of divisions has made the task easier, it would still be a signal accomplishment. Yet were Arguello to achieve it, the final accolade would be denied him—a triumphant return home to his native Nicaragua.

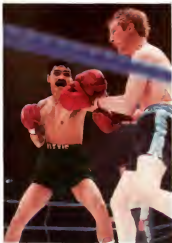
"I waved the new flag at first," he said in London last week. "We needed a change." But the change, it seemed, didn't need him. Though his mother had a soda-pop stall in Managua and he himself had started his working life after fifth grade spray-painting autos, by the time the Sandinistas came to power he was one of Nicaragua's rich. And beyond that, the new government banned pro boxing as exploitative.

Two years ago, when the street fighting started in his native land, Arguello was in New York for a title defense against Rafael Limon. He abandoned his considerable property in Nicaragua and is now settled with his family in Coral Gables, Fla.

"I don't think they welcome me if I go back with a new title," he said sadly, and went on to talk instead about Latino fighters and how he believed that they had a quality of heart, a commitment, that came from poverty and that no European could match it.

Watt has never sprayed paint, but he had a tough enough upbringing as a working-class kid on Glasgow's streets. Patiently he doesn't lack heart. "There's hungry people all over the world," he said, "but if you want to know what heart I have, think of my last fight against Sean O'Grady. I went back into my corner with a terrible gash over my eye at the

continued



Arguello's left hand rocked Watt all night long

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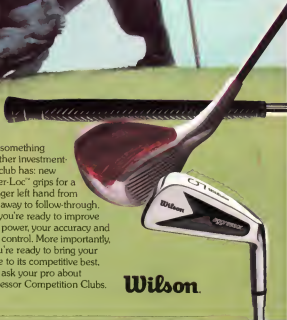
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Wilson.



After the decision, the old and new champions embraced, not routinely but out of mutual respect

BOXING continued

end of the ninth, but when I came out in the 10th it wasn't to hide."

Nor did he run, though there are plenty of observers who think O'Grady was unlucky to lose that bout, principally because he foolishly dropped his guard at one point when claiming a buff. There are also those who pay heed to a sinister notice that Freddie Hill has ticked to the wall of his Lavender Hill gym in South London. FIGHTERS FADE IT READS STARKLY. FIGHTERS GO WEAK. FIGHTERS NEVER COME BACK.

Watt will be 33 a month after the Arguello fight, and his dead-white skin—"So I'm like a bottle of milk with gloves"—might not inspire confidence. And, detractors were quick to point out, all his previous defenses had been made in his native city to the sound of the pipes and the continuous, soccer-crowd roar one can hear any winner Saturday at Hampden Park, where the Glasgow Rangers play.

No doubt this was an advantage. Scotland was as proud of Watt as he was of her. Just before the Arguello fight he had been presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, the youngest man and first sportsman ever so honored. The Lord Provost of Glasgow had traveled so London to make the presentation, the first time that had been done outside Glasgow. The city fathers hadn't wanted

to interrupt their champion's training.

And as Watt's training came to an end in the gym over the Royal Oak Pub in London's East End—a bar so unsalubrious that even Andy Capp would think twice about entering it—someone recalled what a fellow Scot, Jackie Stewart, had observed after Watt's defense against Howard Davis a year ago. "Total concentration," said Stewart. "I didn't see him blink once. He'd have made a great Formula 1 driver."

All the same, one could have got 7 to 4, maybe 2 to 1, in London against Watt bearing Arguello. In Vegas it was no better than 3 to 1. Such odds discouraged the steely pride Watt had shown in his previous fights, and the extraordinary preparation he had made for this one. He had started roadwork in January, only three weeks after an appendicitis operation, to strengthen his stomach muscles. At the time, his fight with Arguello had been scheduled for Miami in the spring.

He had also thought about Arguello a lot. In tune with the you-fire-first politeness of the buildup to the bout, he'd said, "If Alexis was fighting somebody else on Saturday night, I'd be lining up for a ring-side seat."

In the end, of course, the firing did begin, and to the credit of the fighters the proceedings started without the grotesque, eyeball-to-eyeball glowering that now seems mandatory. Instead, there was a salutatory nod from Watt and a smile from Arguello. Significantly, though the first round was even more tentative and probing than most opening rounds, Arguello, who was wearing an odd and faintly menacing black mouthpiece, landed three substantial lefts of the kind that were to be Watt's undoing.

Setting the pattern also was Watt's cautious, planned, retreating style. But counterpunching was going to prove inadequate against Arguello's aggression. Even though Watt's flicked right hands were scoring, he paid for every one of them, mainly in the currency of heavy straight lefts and right hooks to the body. By the fourth, Arguello was in high gear, catching Watt with combinations. All Watt seemed to be hoping for now was for Arguello to walk into a right hook.

Before the fifth started, Terry Lawless, Watt's manager-trainer, was yelling for

more resin. The Wembley arena had a new ring, and its floor was treacherously slippery, as Arguello discovered in the first round when a glancing right hand from Watt put him off balance and he slid into the ropes. The Scottish banners rose high to a huge, skirling howl, but Arguello was quick to grin and right himself.

It might have been more appropriate for Lawless to yell for mercy. It was plain now that Watt was going to find it hard to win. In the seventh, Arguello caught him with a fir-traveled left hook and put him down for a mandatory eight count. The end might have come then, except that Watt showed his elegant ability to slip an opponent on the ropes. The speed, though, which had beaten the so-promising Davis in Glasgow a year earlier, was no longer there.

In the eighth, surprisingly, there came a change of rhythm as Arguello appeared to decide briefly to stop chasing Watt, and in the ninth Watt caught him with a couple of right crosses that seemed to shake him. But by then Watt was bleeding from the nose, and in the next round he was cut under the left eye. "Step up! Step up! Fight him!" Lawless was yelling now. And for three more rounds, showing an ample fund of strength and courage, Watt took all the punishing lefts Arguello could throw and countered with hard-crossed lefts of his own. And so to the end and that emotional clinging together in the ring. There was no need to wait for the unanimous result, only for Watt's honest words. "I have no complaints," he said. "I hope I went out like a man. The life is in good hands."

Arguello was late, very late to his post-fight celebration—not only because no limo had arrived to collect him and he had to go out and find a cab, but also because he had needed a lot of work on his eyes in the dressing room.

And they still looked a patched and puffly mess—those right jabs of Watt's had meant something—when he finally made it to his hotel and to a decorous gathering. His respect for Watt was still in his voice and his words. "His counterpunching was the problem," Arguello said. "His resistance, his physical condition, was so great. You have to be born with something. Jim was born with guts."

And then, entirely sincere if a little sentimental, Arguello had the last right word. "I promised Jim," he said, "I defend the title for him with my blood and my heart."

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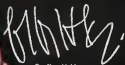
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The information is waiting on tape for the Cleveland Indians' player development director, Bob Quinn, when he gets to work every morning. Quinn punches a button on his Code-A-Phone and then settles back in his chair to listen to the reports called in by his minor league managers during the night. From Chattanooga, Manager Woody Smith reconfirms that the Lookouts aren't going anywhere in the Southern League race, but as depressing as that news may be, Quinn's spirits inevitably rise when Smith gets to the portion of his summary that Quinn and the staff in Cleveland call the Rhomberg Report.

It seems that no matter how the Lookouts fare, Kevin Rhomberg gets his hits. And the details of his latest performance are right there every morning when Quinn needs something strong to go with his coffee. As of last Sunday the 5' 11", 175-pound second baseman was the leading hitter in professional baseball with an average of .390.

The Southern League has its own version of the Rhomberg Report—a box on the front page of its stat sheet that reviews his week in detail. Until this week Rhomberg had been a .400 hitter in every Monday edition since April. He not only leads the league in average and in hits (97), but also in triples (10) and steals (34). He's second in runs with 50.

"What kills me about Kevin is the way he routinely takes low, outside sliders to rightfield for extra bases," says Chattanooga Third Baseman Jeff Moronko. "He probably won't hit a home run all year long, but the ball explodes off his bat. Hits nothin' but ropes. And this is a guy who was sent back down to AA ball to work on his fielding."

As the Indians see it, Rhomberg can only make the majors as a smooth-fielding second baseman. He batted .287 and stole 37 bases playing rightfield for Tacoma in the AAA Pacific Coast League last year, but he doesn't have a strong arm or the power to reach Municipal Stadium's fences. That's why the Indians have returned him to the infield.

"I've had to play a different position every year I've been in the minors," says

Rhomberg. 25, who signed out of The College of St. Francis in Joliet, Ill. as a third baseman in 1977. Rhomberg is the father of two children with a third on the way, but he earns only a four-figure salary for his high average. "I've always thought I was at least a better fielder than the utility men they had up there and that I could hit as well as most of the regulars. I've walked the floor night after night thinking about hitting, looking for some edge, trying to find a way to prove to them that I didn't belong where I was. But it's getting increasingly harder to stay committed to baseball with the financial demands of our family."

To make ends meet, until last winter,

to Venezuela for a fling at winter ball.

The sojourn in South America was successful in many ways. Rhomberg batted a solid .290. He also talked out some of his anxiety with Mike Easler, who had just made it big with the Pirates at 29 after nine years in the minors. And he became friendly with Manny Trillo, the Phillies second baseman who had a lot of things that Rhomberg didn't: a World Series ring, a 7-year-old daughter who wore real diamond earrings and a ton of confidence in himself.

"When I got back to the States I found out that a lot of important people with the Indians didn't know how well I'd done in Venezuela, didn't

Chattanooga choo-choo

Kevin Rhomberg has aspirations that would try The Little Engine That Could: a .400 average and a major league job

Rhomberg went home to Dubuque, Iowa, in the off-season and poured concrete for a local construction company. When it got so cold the concrete wouldn't pour anymore, he switched to carpentry and odd jobs.

"Trying to get Kevin to the bigs has been a struggle," says his wife, Denise. "His first full year in the minors he hit .309 at Waterloo and .307 at Chattanooga, and I made three times his salary working as a bank teller at the drive-up window. According to the IRS, we've been below the poverty level every year Kevin has been in baseball. We qualify for earned-income credit every April 15."

When Cleveland elected not to protect Rhomberg last December, any team in baseball could have claimed him for \$25,000. But none did, so Rhomberg decided he had to make a move that would prove to the Cleveland front office—and to himself—that he was a better baseball player than construction worker. He sent Denise and the kids home and flew





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BASEBALL continued

even know I'd gone, in fact," says Rhombert. "Then when Mr. Quinn called me to his hotel suite in Tucson on the last day of spring training and asked me to go back to Chattanooga to learn another new position, I felt pretty low. I called Demice, and she said it flat out, 'Quit, Kevin. You're too old and we're too old. You're never going to make it.' I told her that this would be my last chance, that if we weren't drawing a major league salary by the time I was 26, I'd quit."

Rhombert meant what he said, instructing his agent to add a clause to his contract stating, in essence, that if either Cleveland or Rhombert is unhappy with the situation on Sept. 1, Rhombert can negotiate his own deal with another club. Quinn has already assured Rhombert and his agent that this is a clause they won't have to invoke.

Actually, Rhombert has suited up in an Indian uniform—if only for a half hour in spring training. On that memorable day the major league B team was on the road, and Quinn asked Rhombert if he would like a chance to play the last three innings of a game against the Angels. As fate would have it, Rhombert's dad was in the stands, so Kevin got dressed in record time.

"It was a real Cleveland uniform," Rhombert recalls. "No number on the back, of course, but from the front I looked like a genuine major-leaguer. Then in the eighth inning one of the coaches walked out to the bullpen where I was loosening up and said I could go shower—the Angels had decided to cancel the rest of the game."

Rhombert has a pet phrase that he uses to describe his predicament, both with the Indians and in regard to his pursuit of 400. "If you live by the flies, you'll die by the flies," he says. "If I hit 400, fine. But that's not nearly as important to me as improving my fielding (he has made only two errors in the last five weeks) and taking good cuts at the plate."

In the event that Rhombert does hit 400, he will be the first professional player to do this in a U.S. league in more than 100 games since Jim McNamara of Colorado Springs batted 400 in 1958 in the Western League. It's hard to imagine his achieving something that eluded both Rod Carew and George Brett in recent years. But considering everything else he has overcome he just might pull it off.

END



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No place to go but up

The name slipped back into the sports pages a few weeks ago. Nothing very elaborate. It was sort of an afterthought, a tag line to a short report out of Montreal. The bulk of the story was about Vince Ferragamo, the former quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams, who the night before had made his first start in the Canadian Football League. Ferragamo and the Montreal Alouettes had lost to the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in the pre-season opener for both CFL teams. The last line of the story said that the game had also been a successful debut for the Hamilton coach, Frank Kush.

Wait a minute, Frank Kush? In Canada? Yup. The former Arizona State coach and taskmaster, who, it was alleged, struck a San Devil punter named Kevin Rutledge in the face in 1978 and then, midway through the '79 season, lost his job for supposedly trying to cover up details of the incident, is back in football. When Arizona State fired him, Kush was the second-winningest active college coach—176-54-1 in 21½ seasons—behind Bear Bryant. Earlier this year an Arizona superior-court jury cleared Kush of all charges related to the Rutledge affair. Now in Hamilton, Ontario, at age 52, he has begun to pick up the pieces of his career.

Shortly after leaving Arizona State, Kush started looking for another coaching job. He knew he had little chance of landing a college position, so he tried the NFL. He spoke with Tex Schramm and Gil Brandt in Dallas, Art Rooney Jr. in Pittsburgh, Chuck Knox in Buffalo, George Halas in Chicago. No one was interested. His best hope, he was told, was wait

After Arizona State fired Frank Kush, he had to head for Canada to coach again

until after the trial, until after he had publicity had blown over.

In January 1980, Kush said, he had set up a meeting in Las Vegas with Baltimore Colts owner Robert Isray, who had fired his coach, Ted Marchbroda, a few weeks before. The morning Kush and Isray were to meet, a story broke in the Arizona Republic that the FBI was in-

vestigating current and former Arizona State coaches and officials on charges of gambling, mail fraud and intimidation of witnesses in the upcoming Rutledge trial. Kush got a call at the Phoenix airport from Baltimore. It was Isray's secretary. She said her boss' plane had engine trouble and that the meeting was off. Kush and Isray never did get together.

During his search for a coaching position, Kush worked in Phoenix, first as a supervisor at an engineering firm and then as a sports commentator for KOOL-TV, the city's CBS affiliate. He hated both jobs. "I missed coaching," he says. "Nothing else I did seemed like me."

October 1980 rolled around, and he still didn't have any coaching offers. Enter Hamilton General Manager Ralph Sazio, who also had a problem. Tiger-Cat Coach John Payne and owner Harold Bullard didn't see eye to eye. Bullard enjoyed Payne's company but thought he was too soft as coach—a trait, needless to say, no one ever accused Kush of possessing. As for what Kush was being accused of, that didn't seem to bother Sazio. "His coaching was never a question, and all the accusations, well, I saw him as a poor guy taking a lot of unnecessary crap," Sazio says.

On October 10, Sazio met Kush in Phoenix and pitched the job. "I sold it as a new challenge and a breath of fresh air," says Sazio. "He needed the air." Six weeks later Kush signed a contract. Two months after that, on Jan. 26 of this year, the Rutledge trial began. It wouldn't end until April 20.

When Kush arrived in Hamilton in January—he had to make only a few appearances at the trial—he must have wondered what he'd gotten himself into by coming to the CFL, where players often hold down outside jobs. His lacker, Bernie Ruoff, sells used cars. One line-



It took Kush more than a year to claw his way back into football

backer, Ben Zambiasi, deals in water beds; another, Jack Blair, is a carpenter. Slobotack Gord Patterson is a stockbroker, and Center Henry Waszczuk teaches school. According to a CFL Players' Association agreement, Hamilton can't begin practice before 4 p.m. Too many players have other jobs. Kush also found himself with a 33,947-seat stadium—Arizona State played before home crowds of 70,000—no personal secretary and no team weight room. Still, he was enthusiastic, and his ardor impressed Sazio. "He's got it all," Sazio says. "Smart, devoted and tireless." Right off, the players, too, raved about Kush. To wit:

- "First words he said to me were, 'I didn't see you at breakfast—\$50 fine.' But you can see fire in his eyes and hear iron in that voice. He's motivated to take this team places. And he's fair."

—DEFENSIVE BACK JERRY ANDERSON
Oklahoma, 1975-76

- "He's a lot like my college coach, Ara Parseghian—a strict disciplinarian, but not unreasonable. He drives us hard, but it's no problem. I've learned how hard work makes winners. He has, too."

—QUARTERBACK TOM CLEMENTS
Notre Dame, 1972-74

- "Players in this league can influence coaches. Suggest a play, and the coach might put it in. That kind of thing. I've had six coaches in the CFL, and Frank Kush is the first one who isn't like that."

—HENRY WASZCZUK
Kent State, 1972-74

There's solid evidence that this early enthusiasm for Kush will sustain itself. For instance, he has the amazing ability to cram an hour of work into about 15 minutes. The day Sazio signed him, Kush asked for films of Hamilton's 1980 games. A week later he sent Sazio a rating of all 60 Tiger-Cats. The names were listed in three columns: marked Keepers, Trade, Release Immediately. Kush then contacted all 28 NFL clubs to get the names of players released in 1979 and 1980. He invited about 60 of these castoffs to the Hamilton camp along with some 150 college seniors who were expected to go low in the NFL draft. Thirty players showed up. Among them was Jerome Stanton, a three-year starter at defensive back for Michigan State. Miami cut Stanton in 1979, and he was out of football last year. But against Montreal in that preseason opener, Stanton picked off two passes, returning one 81 yards for a TD. Hamilton won 27-21. Since that win the Tiger-Cats

have split two exhibition games. They start the regular season on July 5.

By the time training camp began on May 23, Kush had revised his Arizona State playbook, which is four inches thick, tailoring it to the CFL rules, and had written a 40-page booklet on off-season conditioning. He also persuaded Sazio to put in a weight room. When the players reported, they discovered that weight training would be mandatory. Kush lengthened practices and stressed scrimmages and goal-line drills.

"I still believe in discipline," Kush says. "And the only way to perfect timing is by hitting. That's why we scrimmage a lot. I haven't changed my ideas in 35 years, and I'm not going to change now." He pauses and continues, "Only thing I haven't done is slap a headgear or pull a face mask."

Kush winks. He may be joking. "In college you mold kids, see their progress," he goes on. "You use punishment because you have to play them. Here, if a guy won't do something you get rid of him."

Kush likes the fact that his new job involves only coaching. "The three R's in college no longer are reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," he says. "They're recruiting, recognition and revenues. The whole system needs reevaluation. That's why I'm against Canadian universities giving athletic scholarships. They'll get involved in the same ills you have in collegiate football in the U.S. With scholarships you get a different perspective of the sport, and your values, as far as education is concerned, begin to become tarnished."

But will Kush become a permanent fixture in Hamilton? He has a three-year contract. He also has many friends in the NFL, and successful CFL coaches often land jobs across the border: Minnesota's Bud Grant worked in Winnipeg; Kansas City's Marv Levy in Montreal; Chicago's Neil Armstrong in Edmonton. And Kush still owns a house in Tempe and has no plans to sell it. He rents a condominium on Lake Ontario, but it isn't furnished. He simply hasn't gotten around to it. Instead he has been staying at a hotel in Hamilton. That will change now that Fran Kush has joined her husband. "Permanent?" says Kush. "I've learned lately that the only thing to expect is the unexpected."

If Kush is using Hamilton as a springboard to the NFL, the plan might prove risky. First, he'd have to win, and besides the usual adjustments a coach has



Clements says Kush reminds him of Parseghian

to make in moving from college to the pros, Kush must adapt to CFL rules: 12 men on a side, three downs to make 10 yards, and a wider and longer field than the NCAA's and NFL's. In addition, Hamilton fans aren't exactly looking for a savior. Last year the Tiger-Cats were in the Grey Cup, the Super Bowl of Canada. "The fans are impatient; they want another winner now," says Tony FitzGerald, a football reporter for *The Speculator* in Hamilton. "He'll hear it if he falls even a little short." It's with good reason that Kush discards speculation that he might have unwisely put his reputation on the line. "It's no gamble," he says, "not when it's your only offer."

A few weeks ago Kush sat in his office, telling of his 18-month ordeal. He paused now and then and his eyes grew wide, as if to ask: Can you believe this?

"Every day I picked up a paper and read something new," he said. "I had to punch myself a hundred times. It seemed unreal, like it wasn't me they were writing about. One day I'm a Coach of the Year [1975]. I'm proud, happy, successful. Then, suddenly, I'm an ogre."

"So the anal ends and I win. But not really. Destroyed are things that took years to build: a winning program, great fans and terrific university-community relations. Now I'm gone, they're gone, everything's gone. What a waste."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to coach again. It's like a rebirth."



Men's winner Xia, who would his "bat" with a perisher grip, is all over the table during the point.

No more Mr. Nice Guys

Appearing in their first U.S. Open, the Chinese played to win—for a change

Last week, on the day after the U.S. announced a willingness to sell arms to China, a squad of Chinese sharpshooters invaded Princeton's Jadwin Gym for the purpose of sharing their explosive technique with their Yankee friends. The occasion was the U.S. Open Table Tennis Championships, and for the first time ever, the entrants—959 of them from 18 nations—including a team of renowned guided-missile experts from the People's Republic of China. A mere coincidence?

Perhaps, but for a nation that has a cabinet-level minister in charge of mixing pong and politics, the timing seemed almost too perfect. Almost too perfect as well would be the Chinese team's visit in Manhattan with former President Richard Nixon this week. It just happened to be set for the 10th anniversary of the advent of Ping-Pong diplomacy.

In fact, the very man who used the sport to help engineer that historic breakthrough in East-West relations, Liu Shiying of the China Sports Service, also swung the deal that brought the Chinese to Princeton. Though Liu avowed that the Chinese motive for accepting the U.S. Table Tennis Association's invitation was simply to promote goodwill and the game, there were some unexpected and wholly welcome new twists to their visit.

In the past, like a band of hit-and-run marauders, the Chinese were content to pillage the world championships and then disappear behind the Great Wall, emerging only for a few select tournaments. In 1972, as they toured the U.S. with their trusty Double Happiness pad-

dles, they discreetly lost—less tactful observers said dumped—some exhibition games to an American team ranked 28th in the world. Then it was strictly "friendship first, competition second."

Not so last week. That was apparent when the Chinese, who draw their talent from a bottomless reservoir of 12 million registered players—versus 6,000 in the U.S.—eschewed their practice of sending a second-line unit abroad to gain experience. Instead, befitting the significance of their first appearance in a U.S. tournament, they suited up the varsity—three men, two women—each one a reigning world champion.

Friendship wasn't forgotten, though. Indeed, the Chinese came bearing beautiful gifts, such as an offer to set up summer training camps in the People's Republic for promising young American players. And how about an exchange program in which visiting Chinese players and coaches would share their expertise with the U.S. squad in return for a tour of the People's Republic by, say, one of those classy American basketball teams?

Was there some mysterious ulterior design to this sudden Chinese open-door policy? Longtime China pong watchers like Tim Boggan, editor of *Table Tennis Topics*, couldn't help but caution that "you can never be sure about the Chinese. Just as I'm certain they sometimes dump matches when it suits their ends, I think their coming here goes beyond goodwill. They never do anything without some grand purpose in mind."

Liu, speaking through an interpreter, allowed as much when he alluded to the "great Chinese dilemma." In short, they may be too good for their own good.

That notion evolved in the 1970s while the Chinese were pursuing a one-for-all game plan in the biennial world championships. Stressing collective achievement over individual honors, they won the 1971 team title but lost the men's singles. In 1973, when fluke upsets denied them both the men's and women's team crowns, they turned around and swept the individuals. Eventually, after the Chinese once again won the team championships but lost the individuals in the

continued



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next two world tournaments, players from other countries began to complain about tainted "gift games."

"There was no way you could beat them," says Danny Seemiller, the top U.S. player. "If you won, people would say, 'Oh yeah, friendship first, right?' When you lost, they'd say, 'Of course, you were supposed to.'"

While admitting nothing, the Chinese were stunned into a sweeping reappraisal of their approach to the game when their men's team was beaten by Hungary at the 1979 world championships in Pyongyang, North Korea. Having grown a mite too complacent in their isolation, the Chinese fell victim to the Hungarians' dreaded loop drive, a murderously heavy topspin shot that kicks off the table with bulletlike speed. The defeat spurred the Chinese to devise a new strategy.

Technically they had to refine the skills that would neutralize the loop drive being perfected by a growing number of their foes. And they had to adjust to the realization that, competitively speaking, too much friendship can be a bad thing.

Dr. Liu Chui Fan, a chemistry professor at the University of Illinois and the USTTA's China expert, explains, "As the royalty of table tennis, the Chinese have always had a proprietary interest in the game. As a result, they felt that if they won too often and too decisively,

they would retard the development of the sport. On the other hand, if in the interest of friendship they were too accommodating, they demeaned the skills of their opponents. Either way, the game suffered."

Two months ago, at the 1981 world championships in Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, the Chinese solved part one of their dilemma by reestablishing themselves as the fastest wrists in the world. Using super-smooth anti-spin rubber on their bats, they answered the loop with quick, short-hop blocks that rocketed the ball back at opponents. They also employed the "three-ball attack"—serve, return, putaway—to avoid the extended rallies in which the loop drive is most effective. In addition, they developed some mean loopers of their own. The results were stunning. The Chinese became the first to win all seven titles at a world tournament.

As their sweep suggests, part two of their new strategy is no more Mr. Nice Guys. "Instead of playing down to the level of their competition," says Dr. Liu, "the Chinese have decided to raise it by playing to win and sharing their expertise whenever possible." Hence their appearance at the U.S. Open bearing gifts.

They also have a new look. "They could pass for Chinese Americans," says Seemiller. "The Chinese team used to be so stone-faced, so robotlike and distant,

always marching around together. Now they smile. They mingle. They show emotion. They sweat and towel off just like the rest of us. Hey, they're human!"

Boggan's son Eric, 17, the other mainstay of the U.S. team, agrees. Referring to Cai Zhenhua and Xie Xike, both 19, he said, "They're teen-agers, too. They've got the same kind of nerve ends as I do, right?"

Maybe, but it didn't seem that way at the Open. When the Chinese deplaned in New York City after 48 hours in transit, they had but one request—to practice. And so they did, in a cramped boys' club in Chinatown, for three days before the tournament. The fruits of such devotion were apparent as they breezed through the early rounds at Princeton.

Seemiller and Boggan, who played well enough at this year's world championships to advance the U.S. men's team's ranking to the top 16, ran into stiff competition in the first round from fourth-rated South Korea, one of five nations at the Open ranked among the first 20 in the world. Trailng 2-0 in a best-of-five team match that proved to be the most compelling face-off of the week, the Americans rallied in a doubles thriller. Seemiller, compact, steady and given to ballistic leaps, and Boggan, streaky and prone to flashes of temper, survived five match points to win the decisive game 30-28. They each then won equally tinging singles matches to prevail 3-2.

From there, the Americans made it to the finals and a confrontation with the Chinese. Seemiller, going against Xie, a relentless attacker who grips the paddle-holder fashion, lost 21-17, 21-15. Boggan, facing Cai, a stocky performer who prefers the handshake grip and likes to finish diving saves with a neat cartwheel, went down 21-11, 21-17. "Their ball speed is fantastic, maybe 25% faster than ours," said Seemiller. "They're just super players."

By the end of the tournament, no one was disputing that appraisal, save, perhaps, the South Koreans. Feeling pretty super themselves, they won both the men's and women's doubles titles. Otherwise, it was another All-China exhibition. Tong Ling beat Zhang Deyang 21-16, 21-19, 21-18 for the women's singles championship, and Xie won the men's crown over Li Zhenhui 21-16, 15-21, 21-18, 21-18. Although the Chinese came bearing gifts, there were no gift games this time.

END



After getting her hair done in Manhattan's Chinatown, world champ Tong won the women's singles.

See you later, alligator.



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The Cannonball Run was first revealed to the civilized world some years ago in an article by Brock Yates in this magazine (Oct. 23, 1972). Participants in this so-called competition vie to see who can drive the fastest, over public thoroughfares, from coast to coast. The record for crossing the country, we are advised, is 32 hours, 51 minutes—an average speed of about 90 mph in a land where the law says 55. The idea of vehicles hurtling along at nearly twice the legal limit, racing, endangering the life and limb of tax-paying stiffs, doesn't seem very funny to me, and to celebrate same in a film makes for a dubious venture. When at last I was freed from the theater where I had viewed *The Cannonball Run*, my only desire (apart from hoping that I would suddenly be struck with a mild case of amnesia) was to purchase a SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE bumper sticker.

While the Moral Majority and other arbiters rant about sex and violence on the screen, no one ever speaks up against vehicular mayhem on film. Alas, strictures against speeding and reckless driving are nowhere included in the Decalogue; how much better off we would all be if there were a Thou Shalt Not Speed on the tablets, instead of, say, that fuzzy business about coveting.

Hollywood has long made the automobile a prime instrument of slapstick. But now with *The Cannonball Run* we have drunk driving and assault with a vehicular weapon certified as a luff riot. We have cars humorously piling into a motel lobby, into a crowded swimming pool, into a police cruiser (blowing it up in a holocaust). Plus Lots More! A motorcycle plows into a jammed barroom. An airplane lands on a city street. A speedboat slams into a pleasure craft. For some reason, no school bus full of screaming little children runs, sidesplittingly, off a cliff. Chase films are one thing, but in recent years they have metamorphosed into crash films. The fun used to be that cars moved objects that suddenly loomed up as we all screamed, but in *Cannonball* cars go out of their way to collide, the more head-on, the better.

This movie is all the more inexcusable



because it is obviously intended to amuse children, no adult with a mentality greater than your average muffer could appreciate such limbecility. The asinine script is credited to Mr. Yates, who appears to be turning this thin concept into a regular cottage industry. It was from ragged bits and pieces of *Cannonball* that a full-blown TV series was to be created for Terry Bradshaw and Mel Tillis. Mercifully, for the sake of art and Steeler fans alike, the TV pilot didn't fly. But next? A comic strip? T-shirts? Epic poem? Home video game?

The cast is an absolute classic, as disparate a collection of amateurs and has-beens as has ever filled the silver screen. Besides the Meyers, Bradshaw and Tillis, we have Bianca Jagger; Jimmy the Greek; Peter Fonda, buck on a motorcycle; Roger Moore, playing himself to a split decision; Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr., dressed up as priests; Joe Klecko; Jamie Farr; and Yates.

The three principals, as it were, are Farrah Fawcett, Dom DeLuise and Burt Reynolds. Poor Farrah. For this she gave up wealth and *Charlie's Angels*. Compared to *The Cannonball Run*, an average script of *Charlie's Angels* reads like Ibsen. DeLuise, never funny to me, is never funnier. And Reynolds. What are we to make of him? He keeps moaning to the world that nobody takes him se-

riously as an actor, and then he goes slumming again and makes a piece of junk like this, playing second banana to a carburetor. Who's serious?

A quick trip to nowhere

Surely Reynolds doesn't need the money, and there is simply no more in the way of double entendre mugging, smirking, eyebrow-raising, beer-chugging, in-joking and general good-ole-boying that he can bring to the truckin', CB and crash genre. If he wants to grow up to be Cary Grant, fine. If he wants to grow up to be Burt Reynolds, fine, too, because I think that actor (character?) is a dandy one. But what's beginning to worry me is that Reynolds really only wants to grow up to be a car. Does this man suffer from prison envy?

END

This film is rated PG-Child Guidance suggested. No one over the age of 11 permitted to see it without a lobotomy.

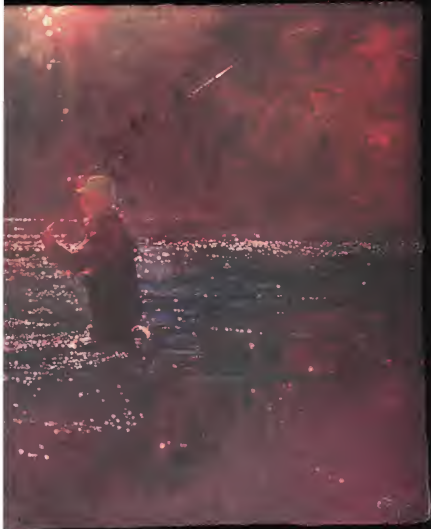
TED WILLIAMS AT



MIDSTREAM

At 62, the Splendid Splinter is none too slender, but he still is hard-hitting when talking of baseball and the outdoor life

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD



CONTINUED

TED WILLIAMS

continued

I didn't see him go over. It was more a matter of hearing it happen from a temporary limbo, as one knows a home run has been hit while one is at a concession stand buying a hot dog. In this case the tip-off was a shrill relaying of information from Edna the housekeeper, stationed at a vantage point (I could only imagine) near the window overlooking the river. There she often stands to look out, never farther than a broom handle's length or two from her beloved skillets and double boilers. "Lord, God! Come quick! Ted's in the water!"

I was in the basement, suffering a communications gap with the long-distance operator. The telephone is at the bench where he ties his flies. Usually it's sequestered among the mounds of animal hair, bird feathers and strands of tinsel that comprise the backbone of the wardrobe of his pete creations. As a concession to the outside world, he will sometimes answer it there; upstairs, when he's preparing to fish or to eat or to sleep or to make entries in his log, he's more likely to give it the indifference he thinks it deserves. In the local directory, the phone is listed under "Spaulding Trappers Association," or an equivalent, to further discourage intrusions.

I hung up on the operator, glad for the excuse, and bounded up the steps to the main floor of the cabin. Edna was now on the porch. Her apron was at her mouth. I banged through the screen door but had to pull up short to allow my eyes to adjust to the late-afternoon glare off the Miramichi. Framed by the white birch trees that surround the camp, the great glittering ribbon dominated an altogether lovely view. It's hard to think of the Miramichi as being a party to violence, but like all rivers it gets its share, and more than that now that the high incidence of salmon poaching has led to bloodshed.

It is 100 feet, almost straight down, from his porch to the river. When I finally saw him, he was already out of the deep water and trudging through the shallows, pulling the canoe behind him by the painter. He had taken on a Rockwellian perspective; he looked like a large worn-out boy trailing home his sled after a day on the hills.

We waited for him.

"You don't look so hot," I said as he reached the knoll at the top of the crude steps that lead up from the river.

"I'm all right," he said, wheezing.

He wasn't really all right. He was an obelisk of wet leather and rubber and soaked-through flannel, and the water squashed in his waders. His breath came in audible bursts and made cartoon balloons in the cold New Brun-

swick air. He sat down heavily on the bench and began to remove his waders.

"Roy says you're a cow in a canoe."

"There's a lot of jealousy around here," he said. "A lot of jealousy."

"What happened?"

"The water's high and I wanted to fish a spot on the other side. I was standing up, poling across, and the pole got pinched against the middle of the canoe by the current. All of a sudden I was over."

(I had a flash image of a grim scenario: of the pole banging into his head, of the canoe smothering him, of his waders filling with water and tugging him down, of the river rushing over him. CANOE FLIPS; HALL-OF-FAMER WASHED INTO OBLIVION.)

"You better get right in and take a warm bath and get some dry clothes on," Edna said, her practical jaw set. She was looking at him sternly. "You'll catch your death."

"No time to shower. I'm going to change and go back," he said, and abruptly stood up and lumbered through the door. I watched the screen tremble and looked at Edna. She rolled her eyes.

"He'd do that?" I asked. "He'd go back now, cold as it is, after almost drowning?"

"It's still light, ain't it?" said Edna, and went inside. She had, after all, said her piece.

Roy Curtis, Edna's husband and Ted's guide, arrived soon after that. He'd been off in the pickup on an errand and came back to fetch Edna home just as Ted retraced the steps to the river in dry clothes and waders. Told of the near catastrophe, Roy joined me on the porch to watch, both of us now well jacketed against the evening's advance. He said that he and Ted had already fished a full day without luck at another place, and after Edna had filled them with the usual surfeit of calories, Ted announced his intentions to salvage something here, at the home pool.

The Curtises have been in Ted's employ since the late 1950s. They bestow on him a tender but cautious devotion, not so much on account of his celebrity, which they merely tolerate, but because of his uniqueness. He brings to their lives security in a wretchedly insecure world—a third of the citizens of New Brunswick are on relief in the winter—and the uneasy excitement parents might feel in rearing a generous but temperamental prodigy. In turn, they ensure that all his needs on the river are taken care of. The porch where we stood was built by Roy; he had, in fact, helped build all three cabins in the camp. In the fishing season, he not only fishes with Ted but also guides the visitors Ted favors with invitations to the camp. In the winter he makes repairs and sees to the cutting of wood for the Franklin stove.

I asked Roy if he remembered the first time they had fished together, and he said yes, in 1955, "when we were both young fellers." Roy is a stockily built man, 60ish, with cloudy blue eyes and cheeks that glow like slabs of country ham. In his taciturnity, he makes the perfect companion

for a fishing genius. That and the fact that he's highly respected among the salmon guides of the province for his expertise make him special. The evaluations Ted seeks in fishing matters wouldn't be given by sycophants.

"He asked me if I knew anything about salmon fishing," Roy said.

"What did you tell him?"

"I said, 'Some.'"

"He was pretty cocky, uh?"

"No. Well, yes. Maybe a little. But in 40 years on the river I've met an awful lot of fishermen and most of 'em either they can't fish at all or after a year or so they start telling you. Most of 'em you have to straighten out, for sure."

"You had to straighten Ted out?"

He grinned. "Some. But don't tell him I told you that. Thing is, I liked him right off. He's such a great big kid, you know. Just a dandy feller to be with. And, of course, now I really can't tell him anything. He likes to tell me."

"I think he believes he's the best," I said. "Is he the best?"

"The best I've seen," said Roy. "Forty years, and I ain't seen none better, no. There's days a feller can beat him, maybe, but day in day out, he's the best. He can do it all. He can tie the best flies, rig 'em just right. He can cast to the toughest spots. He can cover more water than anybody. He knows exactly how to play a fish and he has a fine steady hand to release 'em, and that's an art, for sure. Sometimes I sit on the bank and never lift a finger."

"I bet you like that."

Roy ignored me. "And persistent? Oh, my. He'll stay out there all day, any kind of weather. Stay and stay."

Roy nodded at the river, and we watched from our perch. Ted was alone now, moving along the near side of the Miramichi, now a silver gash—casting, moving a step or two downriver, casting, moving. Edna brought us Scotch to warm the vigil. The silence between us grew as we watched. Then, when it was almost impossible to see, there was a small detonation on the surface of the water, a flash of tumbling flesh and a quick one-sided battle. The lone figure moved to the river's edge, his rod held high

in one hand, his other reaching down as he bent over.

"He's releasing it?" I asked.

"Yeah," said Roy.

"All day for one fish, and he's releasing it?"

"Yeah," said Roy. "Persistent."

It has been Ted Williams' dream to one day own a shrimp trawler, 75 feet or better, carefully appointed with gun and tackle rooms and enough of the essentials of life to accommodate a man who eats well and recreates vigorously, and then to spend the rest of his days scouring the world for fish he has never caught and animals he has never hunted. He read that Zane Grey had a boat he used for just those purposes. The image of Grey at the helm, *continued*

PAINTING BY BERNARD FLUCH



From his cabin on the Miramichi, Williams has a view of some of the finest Atlantic salmon waters.

TED WILLIAMS

continued

restrained only by the injunctions of wind and tide, made the writer a hero of Ted's.

Whenever Williams talks of this dream voyage, the enthusiasm that makes him so volatile a conversationalist—he doesn't converse, actually; he competes, he challenges, he needles—is rekindled. "Being there is what I love," he says. "Away from people. Away from the telephone. I can't think of anyone who got more fun out of life than Zane Grey, traveling, hunting and fishing. . . ."

The dream was nurtured during the early years of Ted's

major league career when, as a singular hero/anti-hero who seemed always to be in the vortex of controversy, he came to rely on the rivers and streams of North America and the saltwater flats and channels of the Florida Keys and any number of wilderness areas for isolation and relief. The more Williams suffered the trespasses of his idolaters and the prying of his critics, the more he retreated until, in middle age, he had wittingly fashioned for himself an idyllic outdoorsman's life—fish where and for what he wanted, hunt where and when he pleased.

He never bought that bug shrimp. He has had the money to buy a dozen like it, but he has only talked about it, dabbling at the image as if it were a favorite painting that needed constant retouching. I suspect that he'll never buy the boat, that he'll just go on talking about it forever, or at least until he's done once and for all with the first love of his life, the love that held him for 25 years as a player, seduced him, kicking and screaming, out of retirement to manage the Washington Senators/Texas Rangers for four years—"What a lousy job that was," he says—and even now, in the spring, brings him back to advise the young batters of the Boston Red Sox in Florida. (For a fee, of course.)

The passion for hitting a baseball is still on him; the batting cage and batter's box remain beguiling places. In his youth they were the wellsprings of his expression, the laboratories where he fashioned as scientific an understanding of the art of hitting as the game has ever known. His love for the possibilities they pose continues to compete with the full-grown togs of nature that take him so far away from the arenas where he once starred.

Off Islamorada, in the Florida Keys, I have held on as he perilously rocked his bonefishing skiff while standing to demonstrate the proper way to hit a low outside pitch: "Hell, you can't pick your nose on this pitch . . . you've got to be quick, be quick with the bat." I have seen him leap from a circle of fishermen on the edge of a jungle in Costa Rica to heft an imaginary bat and hit towering imaginary home runs: "See that? It's an upswing, not a downswing or a level swing. They've been getting that wrong for years, the so-called hitting experts."

The fits of temper—the spitting, the gesturing—that marked him with Boston fans have long faded from the composite of his image. With time, cleaner, more agreeable lines have emerged that define him better. Like many loners, it was only the rude crowds he hated—that part of being a celebrity. The rest of his feelings were really not so intense—it was more a matter of taste, a preference for simpler things. He wasn't running away from something as much as he was running to something. Non-outdoorsmen never quite understand that.

He is, now, an expert fisherman—maybe the most expert of our time, the way Zane Grey was considered to be in his. The unique drive that made him want to be, in his own words, "the greatest hitter that ever lived" turned out to be transmutable; He'd not mind at all being called "the greatest fisherman that ever lived." His expertise is vast. He has fished for black marlin in New Zealand and tiger fish on the Zambezi, and he has won international tournaments.

continued



For each salmon he keeps, Williams figures he releases none

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TED WILLIAMS

—continued—

No kind of tackle, no body of water has escaped his interest. The weight of his experience has led him, at a youthful 62, to certain hard-held beliefs on the subject.

Of all the fish that swim, Williams believes there are three worthy of a sportsman's consistent attention: the tarpon, the bonefish and the Atlantic salmon. He has now caught—and, for the most part, released—more than 1,000 of each. He fishes for the first two near his home in Islamorada. For Atlantic salmon, he spends the greater part of every summer at his camp on the Miramichi in New Brunswick. He has been going there every season for almost three decades, he owns, or has an interest in, four different pools (i.e., specific fishing areas) on the Miramichi, the best salmon river in the Western Hemisphere. There are 11 genetic strains of salmon in the Miramichi. In 1966 a record 80,000 salmon were angled there. Ted now believes that the Atlantic salmon is the greatest of game fish. It is a soliloquy easily memorized if you are around him enough.

"There's no fish that can touch it for all-round enjoyment. What are the requisites of a good fish? Size is a criterion, but it can't stand alone. I've caught a 1,000-pound marlin, and I wouldn't really care to catch another. I've caught a 600-pound thresher shark. You might as well call a thresher shark a Mack truck, because that's the way it fights. Fighting ability is a better criterion. The tarpon is a more spectacular fish—an eager fish that bends hooks and breaks up lines. The salmon doesn't fight like that, but he *fights*. I've known a 12-pound to run as far as any 12-pound bonefish, or jump as much as any tarpon and take you a quarter mile downstream doing it.

"And then there are all the other factors. Where you catch 'em, how you catch 'em, the skill involved. You catch salmon in beautiful surroundings, places you never get tired of going to. There's a constant expectation. You're always seeing fish, seeing 'em jump, seeing 'em roll, seeing 'em walk over a bar. The technique you have to have for salmon is awesome. Sometimes they're so hard to take, you think they're smart, and sometimes it's just a matter of changing the arc of your cast a little bit. And there's the added pleasure of the salmon being extremely edible. Most game fish you can't eat at all.

"And, gee, the Atlantic salmon is such a romantic fish. The life cycle is so damn romantic. They know specifically that a salmon hatched up this river, maybe 40 or 50 miles up, even more, will stay in the river three years, surviving kingfishers, eels, skunks, mergansers, coons, otters—damn near

everything in or along the river takes shots at him. Then the third summer he runs the gamut to the sea. Man's after him, beast's after him. But he goes out, no one knows where for sure, and he survives the predators there, and finally a year later he comes back upriver a grive [a small adult salmon], maybe three or four pounds, or, if he has the right genes, he'll wait another year and come back a nine- or 10-pound salmon right back to the exact place he was spawned. At that point, he's a 4,000-to-1 shot. The hen that went upriver four years before laid around 8,000 eggs. The experts figure the best you can hope for is that two salmon will survive everything and make it back four or five years later.

"The tarpon is a super fish, and the bonefish is a super fish. You never quite get your belly full of those two. But *this* fish. It keeps getting on you more and more. You dream about it. You think about the next time, the ways you'll fish for it. The flies you'll use. If I only had one fish to fish for, it would be the Atlantic salmon. I'll be a little closer to

death when I know I can't fish for 'em anymore."

I have heard these same words, in more or less the same order, over and over. Lately they've taken on an urgency. Like many sportsmen, Ted believes the Atlantic salmon might not be around by the end of this century.



Ted's evenings are spent tying flies and listening to the Red Sox.

A stunning rendition of reveille, full and reedy and unorthodox, stirred the camp at first light. Ted stood in the open area between the main house and the guest cabin. He had his heels together and his backbone arched, and he let his stomach—no longer

a splendid splinter, he—thrust forward unchecked. With his forefinger and thumb curled and pressed hard to his mouth to form a facsimile of a bugle's mouthpiece, he blew again, toward the river, only this time the music was the *Marine Hymn*. As a former Marine fighter pilot, he finds it applicable to almost any situation—a call to dinner, a salute to a passing duck, a response to a smart-aleck remark.

The second burst drew a shout and a wave from a bulky gray silhouette on the Miramichi. Ted watched the angler cast, and from that could name him. "He was in my pool again yesterday, in his canoe," he said to Roy. "I'm going to have to have him over for a drink so I can tell him he's fishing right over the hot spot." Ted said he didn't mind the natives fishing his pools, but "you'd think a licensed angler would have the courtesy to ask."

"Maybe you're jealous that he can handle a canoe," I said.

"Maybe you don't know how lucky you are to be here," he said, lifting the side of his mouth.

—continued—



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TED WILLIAMS

continued

He walked to the truck where Roy was loading waders and rain gear. During the night, sheets of rain had slashed into the camp, and there was threat of more. He said I was about to join the "best fishing team on the Miramichi, Williams and Curtis," and that I would do well to pay attention.

Edna came out with lunch in a bulging brown bag, and we piled into the pickup, Roy at the wheel, Ted at the other window. They'd decided to try Ted's pool at Grey Rapids, downriver toward New Castle. The pool washes into a long stretch of rocky, active public water and makes a first-rate salmon run. By canoe, it's no more than two miles from Ted's camp, but it's a half-hour drive by truck. We circled back the 10 miles to the nearest town, Blackville, crossed over onto Route 8 and then picked our way down a series of unpaved side roads.

"Why not just use the canoe?" I asked.

It wasn't done, Ted said. "And that kind of fishing holds no fascination for me. They use canoes a lot on the Restigouche, but I don't like it. You can't make subtle moves in a canoe. You can't get right down there with 'em, where it's intimate." He raised his eyebrows.

On the side roads we passed knots of schoolchildren waiting at unmarked bus stops in the gray light. Brightly clad and scrubbed-looking, they stood out like bouquets against the beaten-looking houses and farms. Ted waved and called to those he knew. At the property line of one larger spread, he leaned out the window and began yelping and banging on the door. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" We were almost to the fence on the other side of the property when a German shepherd suddenly shot out from its hiding place behind a bush and ran toward us, barking ominously. At the fence the big dog pulled up short, but continued to bark. Ted responded, holding up his end of the duet. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" Ted and Roy laughed happily. "Bastard does it every time," Ted said.

We turned down a dirt road. Roy grunted as he worked the gears, the pickup hammering and pawing along, gaining and losing and regaining traction.

Ted said that his first time on the Miramichi, when he was still playing for the Red Sox, hadn't exactly thrilled him. He had come up to do a fishing film; the script called for him to span seasonal lines, to go for bass, bonefish, tarpon and salmon, and it had been a job getting it all in.

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"You couldn't even think about doing that now," he said. "They've made the baseball season too damn long for that. Too long, period. It's lousy for baseball. Lousy. Cold, rotten weather at the beginning of the season, cold, rotten weather at the end. I'd be screaming if I played now. I hated to hit in cold weather. They want to know why batting averages are so low, that's a factor."

He said he wasn't immediately won to the salmon: "In the first place, I didn't like standing in line on the river, with five guys in front of you and five guys behind you and guys casting right across from you, sometimes close enough to hit you in the eye. I didn't like having to fish somebody's private pool. It was a good pool, but I didn't like that part of the act."

"Then a guy gave me a couple flies he'd told that were half the size of the ones I was using, and I got some fish, and I thought, 'Gee, if I could tie my own flies, and if I had my own pool. . . .' Eventually, I got a pool, and right away came the biggest flood in 50 years and moved the rocks around and wrecked the whole damn thing."

Roy grunted amiably. The pickup banged into a rut and then surged forward noisily.

By 1958 Ted was hooked. That year he won his last American League batting championship, a steal at .328 compared with his supernatural .388 of the year before. In 1958 he was 40 years old. Right after the last game he flew to Bangor, Maine, and drove straight through to the Miramichi. He was on the river the next afternoon, beating the close of the salmon season by just two hours.

"It was cold as hell, and the wind was ripping down the river," Ted said. "But I'd been tying flies all summer and I had a yellow butt on a double-8 with a short shank, and I laid it out there. And I kept laying it out there—picking up slowly, laying it out. Then there was a big boil, and I put it out again, and there was that beautiful roll and the feel of weight that you get when he's taken the fly. Whoosh. He was way downriver before he jumped and I could see him for the first time. Then he came back upriver and greyhounded right past me. He fought like hell for about 30 minutes. A 20-pound hookbill, the best I ever got on the Miramichi."

Two trucks were already parked in the clearing that adjoined a narrow trail to the river.

"It'll be crowded today," Ted said, hurrying to put on

continued

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TED WILLIAMS

continued

his waders. "The Miramichi fishes 10 times more anglers than any other salmon river, wouldn't you say, Roy?"

"For sure," said Curtis. He and I were still gathering up equipment as Ted plunged off through the opening in the bushes, rod in hand. When we reached the bank, he was rigged and moving into the water. His pool was up and around the bend from where we came out, Roy said. This was public water through to the bottom end of the rapids. Three men were already on the river, casting.

I waited on the bank as Roy deposited our gear. I wasn't eager to fish too close to Ted. His scrutiny can be devastating, not to mention loud. Ted stripped out line and began to cast—right-handed, the way he threw rather than the way he baited. Still, the fluid ease and enormous power that made him so marvelous a hitter was reborn before me. The wind was angling into us; he double-hauled to build up line speed, and cast again. The line shot forward with a sharp whistling sound, and at its full length sent the tipper rolling out like a lizard's tongue to flick the water, delicately laying down the fly. A 70-foot cast. Farther out, a zipper on the surface signaled a fish. His next cast covered the distance.

"See that?" said Roy. "He drives it out there. He has a bull arm. That's one reason he gets more than anybody. He reaches 'em where the ordinary fellow can't."

Roy pointed down and across the river, to a crude log cabin high on the bank. He said he'd been born there. He said one windy fall morning a few seasons ago he'd come over from that point in a canoe and spotted a big salmon lying by a submerged rock. "When we fished that day we couldn't get anything, and I finally said to Ted, 'The waves is high and the wind is right on you, but if you can get it out there, there's a dandy big salmon. I can't reach it, but I can tell you when you're over it.' The wind was in his face and the waves was pullin' his line over every time he cast, but finally he got it right there, and I said, 'That's it.' And he kept casting. He stood there for two hours, casting. And do you know, he nailed the fish. A 15-pounder."

"That was a holding fish," Ted said. He'd come back to change flies. The light had changed, he said, and with the higher water he needed something brighter. From the pocket of his flannel shirt he took out his fly case. Inside, in neat little rows, like earrings in a jeweler's display, were the flies he'd been tying at night in the basement.

"You know, Roy," he said, "I discovered something about tying a Conard a couple days ago and I think you ought to know—something that could help you a lot."

But instead of showing Roy the fly, he cupped his hand over the case mysteriously.

Roy grinned and waited.

"Naw, I better not," Ted said. "I better keep this to myself. You're a big Canadian guide, up all night tying flies. These amateur efforts wouldn't interest you."

He turned and held the fly out of sight, studying it.

"I don't know if you're ready for this or not."

Roy waited. Finally, inevitably, Ted turned back to reveal his creation. Roy adjusted his glasses and held the fly up to the morning light. "Yeah, that's a good one," he said.

"A good one? A good one? Boy, there is a lot of jealousy around here. That's a peppermint stick, that fly. Even you could catch fish with that fly. I was going to make you a little presentation, too, but now..."

"Oh, I'll take it, for sure," said Roy.

"Yah, yah. I knew you'd say that," Ted winked at me. "What do you think of Ted Williams now? What-do-you-think-of-Ted-Williams?"

When Ted was rigged, he moved upriver, around the bend to his own pool, and out of sight. Roy took me out to join the line of fishermen in the public water. One of them, farther down, raised a fish, and then lost it.

Roy grunted. "I like to see that," he said. "I want a fisherman to get his salmon, for sure, but just the same I root for the salmon."

Roy left me and went back to rig for himself. The conga line had increased in number until we were now nine. We moved downriver, maintaining our intervals. At a point where the river widened and deepened, the procession ended and, in turn, we walked back to start over. When I looked upriver, I saw Ted was at the bend, hunched over near the shoreline, apparently releasing a fish. He moved back into the river and began casting again.

I finished the run and waited on a rock.

"A salmon?" I asked when he came.

"The one I released! A grike—4-4½ pounds, tops."

continued



Williams has grave fears for the future of the Miramichi's salmon

I said no one else had caught anything.

"I know," he said. He was repairing his line, cutting the leader with his teeth. "This is one fish you have to be satisfied with one a day. A good-sized tarpon, you'd be satisfied with one. An eight- or nine-pound bonefish, you'd be tickled to death with one. A nice day. But this one, you don't even think so much about size." He said there was "no question 30- and 40-pounders come up this river, but they're rare, and you'd have to be lucky even to see one. On the Restigouche, a 30-pounder isn't unusual. And they come late in the fall just the fishing season and in the spring. Up there getting a 30-pounder would be like the year [1941] I hit 400 [actually 406]. There were guys who hit 345, 355 that year, so hitting 400 wasn't such a big deal at the time. Now, when the best hitters in the big leagues are hitting 310, 400 would be a hell of a big deal."

Almost simultaneously, not five feet apart and less than 10 yards away, two fish jumped. Ted went back into the river and began casting. I waited until he was a safe distance away, then fell in line. Every now and then I caught his gaze, checking me out. Invariably at those times I sent up what he calls "Chinese casts."

Lunchtime drew a circle of fishermen at the bank where Roy had laid our gear. Roy sat on a rock and peeled the waxed paper from Edna's salmon salad sandwiches. The other anglers clustered around, waiting for Ted, who was the last to leave the river. Except for the one near-miss and the grilse I'd seen Ted release, there hadn't been a hit.

"There's fish," Ted said. "They're just not taking, that's all. That one refused the bug. Leo, or what?"

"Yeah," said the man who missed the fish. He seemed surprised Ted had seen it, having been at least a quarter of a mile away at the time.

"Geez, and you one of the all-time greats," Ted needled.

"Water's way up," said an older man in a buggy shirt. His face showed the unmistakable folds of a drastic weight loss. "Must be swollen six inches from last night."

"Oh hell, yes," said Williams. "This could be a total loss today. Real dirty water, coming fast. We probably ought to try Swinging Bridge tomorrow, Roy."

"I'd say," said Roy.

"You don't like rising water, Ted?" Leo asked.

"At the beginning of a rise, yes. Ordinarily I like high water, because the fish come in then, as opposed to a drought when there's no water to move in. But when it's discolored like this, it's a signal for them to move on."

"What do you mean, 'move on'?" I asked.

"They don't hold in the pools as well. They see their chance and move. Still, there are pools in June and early July, high water pools, that are good to fish in. I use bigger flies in June, when it's moving, and smaller flies in low water and during the summer when the water is slower."

"Why do you suppose they take flies?" said a younger man in a red hat and red suspenders, an American, jumping into the discussion.

"Well, no one's sure," said Ted. "It's not out of hunger, though, I'm convinced of that. When they come up in the fall, they don't eat in the river at all. You ever found one that had anything in its belly going upriver. Roy?"

"Never did."

"Roy has opened thousands of fish, and he never found anything. Their bellies are just flat. Some guys say they go for bugs to squeeze the juice out of 'em, but that's crap. When they come upriver, they're here on business. To spawn, not to eat. In the spring it's a different story. They haven't eaten for five or six months, they're hungry, they're getting ready to go out. But I still think hitting the fly is more an instinctive thing. As parr (a young salmon), they are voracious eaters. They eat anything that floats. One of the prettiest sights on the river on a quiet summer evening

when the bugs are hatching and you can watch the salmon jump 8, 10, 12 inches to grab 'em. So they react to flies and bugs—a nervous stimulus, something that carried them in the beginning. Instinct. That, and the annoyance of anything, even a fly, entering their territory."

The man in the buggy shirt picked up Ted's rod. "That's a lot bigger rod than I use, Ted. Got to be a weight-lifter to use that damn rod."

"Eight and a half feet, that's all," said Ted. He got up to demonstrate, putting his sandwich on the backpack. "Look, you're casting into the wind out here now, and it's ridiculous to use that little baton you're using—what is it, 6½ feet? I thought so. You might as well

throw the fly with your hand. Adequate tackle. You've got to have adequate tackle, it's the first rule in the book, no matter what you're fishing for. All you do with inadequate equipment is frustrate yourself and maybe injure a fish that breaks off, or stick a hook in your ear or in your eye. I was in a banquet 20 years ago, sitting next to a guy with a patch over one eye. He said he'd been an ambassador to Ireland and he fished there and used a lighter rod, and when he tried to pick it up, the fly came back and hit him in the eye." He worked the rod. "On a real windy day I've used as much as a 10-foot rod, with double-sixes. But 8½ is all you need, nine in toughest weather."

"But you're a lot bigger than I am."

Ted gave buggy shirt a look. "Yeah, and my eyesight's better, too, and all that other crap I'm supposed to have gone for me. But what you really have to have out here is talent. That's what it takes. A little bit of talent." He grinned, then made a face as the American in the red hat lit a cigarette.

"There was some guy on the other side smoking when I was fishing upriver," Ted said, talking to the group but looking at the smoker. "I could smell it all the way across. I



could smell it. I know guys who'd commit adultery before they'd smoke one of those things."

The smoker grinned sheepishly. The others laughed.

Ted said he had run into some of his World War II buddies at the Hall of Fame induction of the late Tom Yawkey, his old Red Sox boss, and Al Kaline and Duke Snider, and every one had quit smoking.

The man in the red hat was now cupping his cigarette in his hand but hadn't been intimidated quite enough to put it out.

A squat, dark-skinned man with a face like a clenched fist had been listening without expression. He kept glancing downriver. Finally a lone fisherman could be seen plowing through the shallows.

"My friend, he got a roll before," the man said in a thick French accent. He sighed. "He'll be here till 5 o'clock now. We were here to almost 10 last night."

"Sounds like my kind of guy," Ted said, and bit into his doughnut. "I went eight days without a roll or a pull one year after they started allowing the mackerel netting in the Miramichi Bay."

"The 'incidental catch,' what a joke that is," said the man in the baggy shirt. "They catch 10 legitimate mackerel and 90 'incidental' salmon, and they keep the salmon and throw away the mackerel."

"I didn't think any kind of commercial salmon netting on the river or in the bay was legal," I said.

"They banned it in 1972, when they realized this fish was in serious trouble and the Danes were murdering 'em off Greenland and on the high seas," said Ted. "In those days you seldom saw commercial fishermen dropping nets for mackerel, only salmon. Then they put the ban on. The next thing you know they were selling mackerel licenses like crazy."

"They went from 90 nets to 600 in no time," said the old man. "The salmon didn't know the difference."

"They've made some strides," said Ted. "They got limits now, and since last year they make you tag every fish that's sold, and that's good. And they forced the Danes to limit their netting on the high seas. But they've got to do more. I think it should be classified as a game fish and not a commercial fish. There just aren't enough salmon to go around—to the angler, to a guy who wants to net, to the commercial fisherman, to everybody. The main consideration should be: How can we get the most revenue for this fish if it is in limited supply? And it is. For Ted Williams, who loves this fish, it's fast coming to the point where there won't be enough fishing to warrant the time and expense."

"They say there's been more fish caught on the rivers in this system last year than any year in the past 10," said the cigarette smoker.

"Yeah, they're making a big deal out of that now because the commercial fishermen want the ban lifted. But

one good year doesn't reverse a trend," Williams said. "This is a cyclical fish. They've got to give it three or four years, 10 years, before they can say a trend is set. It's still a long way from what it used to be."

"Will they get the ban lifted?" the smoker asked.

"Looks that way, on a select basis. They're talking about a quota of 18,000 fish for commercial fishermen on the Miramichi [now in effect]. But they're also going to allow the incidental catch in the Bay of Shallow and in the Bay of Fundy, and in the end it's going to be as screwed up as it was in 1972. I think it's wrong."

"How about the Indians? They got carte blanche to net 'em... and sell 'em, too."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Ted. "Poaching is wrong no matter if it's the Indians doing it or the locals, but at least it's against the law. Commercial fishing will be legal and it'll set the river back 10 years. They'll abuse it, abuse it, abuse it. There'll be just as much poaching, and then the Danes'll say, 'What the hell,' and they'll be netting 'em like crazy again, and that'll be the end of the salmon."

The man in the baggy shirt said the commercial ban has gradually made the anglers the enemies of the locals. He said he had experienced their resentment: ice picks through his tires, holes knocked in his boat. "You had a canoe wrecked last year, didn't you, Ted?"

"Yeah. But hell, you have to give these people some consideration. They've fished this river all their lives. Most of us who have poob make some kind of allowance. I had one local tell me the

other day, the greatest thing I ever heard. He said, 'All I live for now is this river. To be able to come here and fish.' I have sympathy for that kind of feeling."

"Do you have sympathy for burning out your camp when you're not here?" The man in the baggy shirt said it had happened twice to friends of his, and they'd sold out.

"They think we're infringing on their hushright, their right to take as many fish as they please," said Leo. One of the circle noted that a story in a local paper had quoted a confessed poacher as being critical of the duplicity of visiting "sportsmen." He had singled out Williams himself for complaining about getting "only 58" salmon one year when the year before he'd had "over 100 at the same time."

"Yeah, I saw that," said Ted, "and it's about what you'd expect from a newspaper. What I catch and what I release are two different things."

"For every 10 you catch, how many do you keep?" the old man asked.

"Less than two," Ted said. The others whistled.

We got back to camp before dark. After lunch, Ted had caught and released a 10-pound hen, closing out his allowable fishing for the day. I'd slipped on a rock working downstream and swamped my waders, but in my misery

continued



TED WILLIAMS

continued

I'd chanced on a grise and landed it, and that warmed me some. Otherwise, the activity at Grey Rapids had been dispiriting, and when the clouds thickened and the cold came on again, we'd left the Frenchman to fish alone with his dogged friend.

Two men were waiting in the driveway when we rolled in, an old man with hair white as tissue and a middle-aged man with a big twitching smile that made you think bugs were loose under his skin. They identified themselves as devout Red Sox fans, a father-and-son team. The smiling man had a book for Ted to autograph.

Ted invited them to sit on the porch, and the white-haired man watched tentatively as the smiling man gushed over his hero.

"You could still play," the smiling man said.

"Play what? The piano?"

"No, I mean as a designated hitter," said the smiling man. "With those eyes, those wrists." He looked at me for approval. He couldn't stop grinning.

"Well, it takes more than eyes," said Ted.

"Oh yes, I know. Yeah. I remember the way you gripped the bat. You always gave it that extra little twist before you hit. All that power."

"You remember that, eh?" Ted said. "Boy, one of my loyal fans."

The smiling man blushed happily, a baseball archaeologist on a hot streak, digging up remembrances. "And the milk shakes. You drank a lot of milk shakes," he said.

"Is that what caused that gut?" I asked.

Ted rased the side of his mouth at me. "Boy, down the totem pole you go," he said. "Right out of the top 10 on my list of friends. Maybe never to return."

"Bob Feller says you were the best," the smiling man said. "I read it in the paper. He says the days of the super hitters are over—DiMaggio, Williams, Musial, Mays. They don't make 'em like that no more."

Ted ignored the compliment. "Your dad's being awfully quiet," he said. "Must be a Mantle fan."

"No. Ruth and Gehrig," said the white-haired man softly.

"Well, at least somebody around here has some class," Ted said, giving me a look.

What did Ted think of George Brett, the smiling man asked.

"Great. I saw him two years ago, and I thought then that he had it all going for him—great physique, great strength. And he's fearless at the plate. You'd be surprised how many so-called great hitters have more than a little fear up there."

"What makes Brett so good now?"

"For one thing, he's not really sure what he's doing that's right, but he isn't letting it bother him. For another, he's hitting to all fields, which is something I didn't do for a long time. But it's still surprising to me they haven't figured out how to pitch him. They don't seem to attack any particular area, to try to get a pattern. The low

outside pitch was the toughest for me. I got a lot of those."

"You think it's right, all the money they're paying some of these guys now?" the smiling man asked.

"A player should get whatever he can while he can," said Ted. "For a long time the pendulum went the other way, and only a handful got anything. The question I have is how a .280 hitter can justify his millions in the fans' eyes or, worse, to himself. My last year I asked for a pay cut because I hadn't done a damn thing the year before. I couldn't justify the salary I was getting."

"I can just see that happening today," said the smiling man.

His father broke in to ask if Ted had ever wanted to manage the Red Sox.

"Absolutely not. Ab-so-lutely not," Ted said. He said managing was a pain in the butt. He said that when he was

managing the Senators he used to call Joe McCarthy for counsel. McCarthy had been his favorite manager. "I said, 'Joe, when I played, I only had to worry about me. This business of worrying about 25 players is for the birds. Joe, the difference is, when we lose, my heart gets heavy and I eat a lot.' He said, 'Ted, you're lucky. I drank a lot.'"

The father and the son laughed together.

On the other hand, Ted said, he does find it "fun" to help the young Red Sox hitters, but he had to admit there didn't seem to be a wealth of talent advancing through the organization. He said the way things were going he thought the Red Sox would lose their best hitter, centerfielder Fred Lynn (which they did), and maybe their catcher, Carlton Fisk (which they did), and that meant with the trading of Shortstop Rick Burleson they'd be stripped clean down the middle. Short of a total reorganization, he said, he didn't think the Red Sox would be challenging for the pennant anytime soon.

When the smiling man and his father left, I asked Ted if it was true he'd tried to buy into the Red Sox in 1979. He said no, but that over

the years he "kind of thought I'd like to be involved" in one way or another. Not in a position of total authority, but not in a subservient one, either. He said Mrs. Tom Yawkey had always encouraged him to come around—she'd gotten him to escort her to her late husband's induction into the Hall of Fame—but he'd been reluctant because there were those he felt were less than eager for his presence, most especially Dick O'Connell, the general manager, who was deposed in 1977. With O'Connell gone, he said, the atmosphere was now more salubrious, but what with his consulting work for Sears and the time he set aside for fishing, he didn't see much chance of becoming involved beyond the coaching he did in the spring.

After dinner—during the preparation of which he gave Edna extensive advice—Ted turned on the radio to pick up the Red Sox game and then settled on a sofa in front of the Franklin stove to write up his log. Scrapbook size, the log is

continued



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TED WILLIAMS

CONTINUED

filled with daily episodes and details—water, weather, etc.—of his salmon catches. On the first page he had written: “I start this book with 700-plus salmon, and feel I know one hell of a lot about them and may be there’s no doubt in my mind about this: one of the greatest salmon anglers.”

There are notes about the flies he has used (“I feel that the Conrad is absolutely the best . . .”), the friends he has fished with (“So-and-so arrived, and without a doubt is the worst fisherman I know . . .”), about the fish he has released (“I hope she makes it to the spawning grounds . . .”) and about the good fortune of his fellow man (“Guy across the river caught two. He was either good or lucky. Strongly suspect latter . . .”).

A Reggie Jackson home run dampened his interest in the game, and he was about to repair to the basement to tie flies when a man and a boy in khaki clothes knocked on the door. The man was a game warden named Percy Mountain, the boy his son. By his own description, Percy is a former poacher and “hard drinker” who has “gone to the other side,” giving up both pleasures simultaneously—roughly at the time when he came to the conclusion that his beloved salmon was going under.

Percy said he was on night patrol, hunting poachers in his motor-driven canoe. He said each year it got worse. He said there were now 30 federal wardens, carrying guns, covering the 400 miles of the Miramichi system, but it was a losing battle. He said the wardens were still five years behind the poachers in technology. They got walkie-talkies only after the poachers had them.

Unemployment was a big factor in the increase in poaching, Percy said. He said the more people there were out of work, the more poaching there was. He said one night he pulled up 19 nets, some of them stretching the width of the river. “It’s cops and robbers out there,” he said. Wardens had been shot and beaten with gas lanterns. Sometimes by relatives. One warden had lost an eye.

“Emery Bastirache [a former conservation officer] was stoned in the head one night,” Ted said. “I put it in the log: ‘I wonder when they’re going to wake up and give these guys the authority they need.’”

Percy said they were making progress. That one poacher had been fined \$1,500 and had his truck and fishing gear confiscated. But with salmon bringing \$5 a pound on the black market, “a good poacher can make enough in one night to pay the usual fine.”

“You need some PR,” said Ted. “Educate everybody—the schools, the kids, everybody—on how important this fish is to the province. How poaching is going to run it for everybody.”

Percy said the poachers had beaten them to it. One had gone right on TV saying he’d kill any warden who got in his way. “He’s on welfare, too,” he said. “The government supports him.”

“How easy is it?” I asked. “To poach, I mean.”

“I could do it blindfolded every night and never get caught,” Percy said.

There is no bridge at Swinging Bridge, only the remains of one—an abutment that helps form a small island at the bottom end of one of Ted’s pools and another abutment on the other bank of the Miramichi. Once, they supported the cables of a footbridge. A heavy ice storm knocked it out in 1970, and there has been no inclination to replace it. The pool, 14 miles upriver from the main camp, is 200 yards long, with a gravel bar that makes a kind of spinal column that the fish must pass over. It’s Ted’s favorite, good enough to have accounted, he estimates, for half the salmon he has caught on the Miramichi.

We were joined there by a fellow member of the Miramichi Salmon Association, a friend from Bathurst. New Brunswick named Alex Fakeshazy. Fakeshazy is a bearlike man with a element personality whose fishing outfit isn’t complete without a *SAVE THE ATLANTIC SALMON* button.

The weather had improved overnight and Ted was in high spirits. He showed Fakeshazy a fly he’d tied the night before, a green-hatted version of the Conard with silver tinsel ribbing, bear hair and green fluorescent floss.

“Oh baby, that one will catch fish,” Fakeshazy said. “With that one it could happen.” Ted grinned and delicately tied the fly to the leader. “I should have been a surgeon,” he said.

The prevailing wind comes downriver at Swinging Bridge. Ted cast high, letting the wind carry the payload. “See that?” he said. “An easy 80-foot cast.”

I was on a nearby boulder, sitting it out for a while. He obliged me with a blow-by-blow.

“My first act now, when it’s straight out like that, is a slight move up with the rod, just in case a salmon hits. Just a slight 5- to 10-degree bend. Now, there, see how the fly is swimming? The water’s faster now. The slacker the water is, the more bend I put in the rod to encourage the lure to swim faster.”

He reeled in and cast again.

“Yeah, we’ll see fish today,” he said to Fakeshazy. “This is a good holding pool. There’ll be fish today.”

As if in response, stitches began to appear on the water in front of him, evidence of salmon rolling.

Ted worked downriver, casting. I had turned toward the shore to get my gear when I looked back and saw him walking toward the bank, his line taut.

“Geez,” he said, “I got bottom.”

The fish he’d hooked made a spectacular somersault cross-river. Ted grinned.

He never wasted a motion. When the fish jumped, he instinctively leaned to it. When it ran, he waited for the moment it tired, then deftly turned it. When he had it flopping in the shallows, Roy put the net under it and hauled it out. A 15-pound hookbill. This one, Ted said, they’d have to take home for the pot.

“What do you think of Ted Williams?” Ted said as Roy lifted the catch from the net and held it up by the tail. Roy finished the kill and laid it under a blanket of river grass for safekeeping. Ted curled his finger and thumb and pressed them against his lips and sent a chorus of the *Marine Hymn* keening downriver.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 15-21

Compiled by N. BROOKLYN CLARK

BOATING—Bronx CHAY BUTT and BOB JAMES sailed the 65-foot motorboat *Flamingo* from CBI to victory over 18 other yachts to win a double-handed transatlantic race between Plymouth, England and Newport, R.I. They set a shortened Europe-to-America record in the process, sailing the 5,000 miles in 14 days, 43 hours, 54 minutes and beating the old mark by more than three days.

BOWLING—MATT MURINA beat Art Trunk 296-192 to win the PBA's \$55,000 Tucson Open.

BOXING—ALEXIS ARGUELLO won the WBL lightweight title in a unanimous decision over defending champion Joe Watts in Wrexham, England (page 6B).

GOLF—DAVID GRAHAM shot a seven-under-par 271 to win the Ethel U.S. Open in Andover, Pa. (page 1B).

JENNIFER CARBER defeated Martha Menzies by eight strokes to win a \$125,000 LPGA tournament in Berkeley, Pa. She carded a 13-under-par 203 over the 54 holes.

FLORIDA STATE, with a team total of 8,320, beat Georgia by three strokes to win the AAUW Division I title in Athens. GAYLE MOOREY of the Lady Bulldogs was the individual champion.

HARRIS RACING—NEWT LUBELL (511.80) captured AAA division of the widely televised Artek by a stroke to win the \$154,000 Greater Miami Levy Motor-Pacing Series final at Homestead Raceway. The 7-year-old covered the mile in 1:50.5.

ARNIE'S AJM (541.40), driven by Greg Wright, beat Snack Bar by 1/2 of a length to win the \$10,000 Hooters Cup at The Meadows. The 3-year-old colt made his debut in 1994.

HORSE RACING—DIANE AGAN (411.26), by Danie MacNeil in the saddle, beat The Plan by a neck to win the \$65,000 Independence Fantasy for quarter horses at Los Alamitos Race Course. The 3-year-old filly ran the half-mile in 1:16.4 seconds.

SOLIDER BOY (548.26), ridden by Roger Duggan, defeated Natures by 2 1/2 lengths to win the \$15,000 Mares, Stewards' Handicap at Suffolk Downs. The 5-year-old covered the 6 1/2 miles in 1:49.5.

PASS THE TAB (B) Anthony Gault up beat Parnas

by seven lengths to win the \$16,000 Ohio Derby at Thundershoe. The 3-year-old colt's time for the 5 1/2 miles was 1:49.9.

MARATHON—DICK BEARDSELY clocked a 2:09:36 in winning a marathon in Duluth, Minn. His wife was the second female entrant by an American, followed only Bill Rodgers' 2:09:27 in Boston in 1979.

MOTOR SPORTS—A.J. FOTT drove his March Cosworth at an average speed of 137.196 mph on the 2.5-mile Phoenix International Raceway in Long Pond, Pa. to win a UNAC event, scheduled for 300 miles. He was called because of rain after 122 laps. He finished one second ahead of Geoff Brubham, who drove a Porsche Cosworth.

GARY BECK won his fourth national Top Fuel dragster title at the National Hot Rod Association Springmeets at Kokomo, Ohio, with a run of 6.65 seconds, attaining a speed of 274.99 mph. He beat Bush Obenkirby 1.31 seconds.

ROWING—At the women's nationals in San Diego's Mission Bay, a combined team from the University of Washington and Lake Washington Rowing Club won the four eights title. The team of CAROL BELLWAS, CAROL GALAVEN, LIZ HILLS and PEGGY McARTHUR was first on the four, and JEANNE FLANCAUX and PAT SPRATLIN, teamed up in the pairs. CAROL GILLER was the champion in the single scull and with her old oar, sister JILL, won the double. The two of them along with MARIE-LAURE and KRISTIN NORELLUS showed their quad competition.

SOCCER—NASH, The Cosmos, were leading the Diplomats 1-0 at halftime of their game in Washington, but the hometown fans in the crowd of 36,875 at RFK Memorial Stadium were cheering. The management had just announced that 14-year-old Dutch superstar Johan Cruyff had agreed to join the Cosmos on July 1. After playing in Washington in 1990, Cruyff announced that he would want to play for the Diplomats if they stayed in Washington. But the franchise folded and was replaced by the former Cosmos' opponent, the Cosmos' league to merge with the new club, which was good news for the new Daps, who can certainly use them. They lost 2-1 that evening at George Washington's 1,000-seat stadium and lost at Monmouth on Saturday, while the Cosmos were on to beat Los Angeles 3-0 to extend their lead in the Eastern Division to 16 points. Fort Lauderdale was hanging behind the performance of Los Angeles.

Durham, Condorper Jan van Rossum (Belgium) second and third straight slams over Portland (31-0) and San Diego (11-0), respectively, to bring the Skyline point total to 41 over the last 10 games. The South Vancouver continued to lead the Northwest, winning 2-0 at Minnesota and 3-1 at Tampa Bay on goals by Larry Gray, Carl Valentine and Steve Huston. Seattle, five points behind the Whoppers in the standings, beat Central Division leader Chicago 3-0 on a header by Roger Davies at 44:30 and then beat San Jose, by the same score, 10:50. Seattle, 4-4, upset of Los Angeles, leader in the West Coast Conference since the 1980s, in the season's first contest, a 1-0 win at Oakland. Helmer Strack, a West German playing in his first NASL game, had the only score. The loss, the Tornado's 14th in a row, and the league record for futility by an Edmonton 1979.

AMU Cleveland, which beat the New York Eagles 7-4 in its first game of the season, lost 1-0 to a game called with losses led by Pittsburgh (2-1) and Rochester (0-1). The Cobras have dropped 10 straight. The Blazers, who lead the Liberty Conference, went on to win a showdown with Carolina, the leader in the Freedom Conference, by a score of 2-1.

TENNIS—TRACY AUSTIN defeated Andrei Paep 6-1, 6-4 to win a \$125,000 grass-court tournament in Southampton, England.

MARK EDMONDSON won a \$75,000 grass-court tournament in Bristol, England, with a 6-3, 5-1, 6-4 victory over Steve Tanner.

TRACK & FIELD—THIRTY NINE of France, ranked 1-5 in the world, failed to surpass the world pole-vault record of 13' 11 1/2" set by Waldemar Korzeniewski of Poland at the 1980 Olympics.

WRESTLING—SOLD By BTV owner William Wright, the Chicago Cubs for \$20.5 million to Chicago's Tribune Company. The transaction must be approved by the Cubs' stockholders, the league owners and the NFL.

CREDITS

4—Tara Trotter, 18—Joe, 19—George T. 20—Marty, 21—Marty, 22—Marty, 23—Marty, 24—Marty, 25—Marty, 26—Marty, 27—Marty, 28—Marty, 29—Marty, 30—Marty, 31—Marty, 32—Marty, 33—Marty, 34—Marty, 35—Marty, 36—Marty, 37—Marty, 38—Marty, 39—Marty, 40—Marty, 41—Marty, 42—Marty, 43—Marty, 44—Marty, 45—Marty, 46—Marty, 47—Marty, 48—Marty, 49—Marty, 50—Marty, 51—Marty, 52—Marty, 53—Marty, 54—Marty, 55—Marty, 56—Marty, 57—Marty, 58—Marty, 59—Marty, 60—Marty, 61—Marty, 62—Marty, 63—Marty, 64—Marty, 65—Marty, 66—Marty, 67—Marty, 68—Marty, 69—Marty, 70—Marty, 71—Marty, 72—Marty, 73—Marty, 74—Marty, 75—Marty, 76—Marty, 77—Marty, 78—Marty, 79—Marty, 80—Marty, 81—Marty, 82—Marty, 83—Marty, 84—Marty, 85—Marty, 86—Marty, 87—Marty, 88—Marty, 89—Marty, 90—Marty, 91—Marty, 92—Marty, 93—Marty, 94—Marty, 95—Marty, 96—Marty, 97—Marty, 98—Marty, 99—Marty, 100—Marty.

FACES IN THE CROWD



STU MITTELMAN
New York City

Middleman, 30, a 5'8", 142-pound teacher of sports psychology, beat a field of 38—13 of whom finished—to win his second straight New York City Invitational 100-mile run. His 12:00:11 broke his own U.S. road record of 11:54:49.



TERRY SCOTT
Kansas City

Scott, a junior at Southside High, ran a national high school federation record 10 1/2 seconds in the 100-meter dash in Jefferson City, Mo., surpassing the mark of 10:4 e established by Darrell Walker of Fort Meade, Md. in 1980.



TRACY CROMPTON
Santa Maria, Calif.

Tracy, 18, a pitcher on the Righteous High girls' fastpitch softball team, had 201 strikeouts, four no-hitters, a 0-0 LRA and a 13-0 record in leading the Watsons to their second straight CIF 4-A title. She's ambitious and uncoordinated on two occasions.



VAN MILLER
Trenton, N.J.

Miller, 22, a telecommunications major at Arizona State, threw a 75-mile (17 feet) in Albuquerque beating the North American down to earth by 27 feet. Two weeks earlier he won the men's intercollegiate title in Knoxville, Tenn.



RENALD STEINER
New York

Steiner, a native of Haiti and second-year student at Miami Dade Community College (New World Center) defeated Olaf Malmquist of Central Florida 6-2, 6-1 to win the national junior-college tennis title. His career record was 31-0.



MARYBETH LINZMEIER
Miami Lakes, Fla.

Marybeth, 17, led the Mission Viejo High girls' swimming team to its sixth CIF title in a row, setting U.S. girls' high school records in the 200 yard freestyle (1:46.43) and 400 free (4:41.93) and swimming a 34 kg on the 400 free relay.



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*Burke Market Research Survey of 5000 businesses, April, 1990

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE STRIKE

Sir,
In the short time since the baseball strike began I've noticed some drastic changes in my life and in my mental and physical behavior. I'm having fewer headaches and stomach problems. I'm losing less hair. I'm getting more sleep as a result of not worrying or staying up to listen to games on the West Coast. I have money in my pocket that would otherwise have been used to pay for tickets, tolls, parking, scorecards and hot dogs. I spend more of my time at work doing my job, because I don't have to keep sneaking off to get scores. I've rediscovered the opposite sex. So, what's bad about the strike? I'm miserable!

GEORGE FALKOWSKI
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Sir,

Historians may one day record that grown men once played a little boy's game, with many of them being paid millions of dollars to hit a ball with a bat and run around a diamond, until they decided to go on strike. Then the historians may have to add that when the strike was over, a strange thing happened: The fans decided to go on strike, and the game was over—this time for good.

PHILIP SCHULCA
West Hempstead, N.Y.

DEFENDERS OF THE CITIES

Sir,

This letter is in response to the third-rate comment by Mark Coffman of *Goree, Texas* (19th Hole, June 15), who wrote, "How can you consider it a perfect game if it was played in Cleveland?" The Indians' Len Barker, who pitched that perfect game, seems to have found something in Cleveland that he didn't have when he was playing in Texas. Barker was traded to Cleveland by the Rangers after he had a 1-5 record in the 1978 season. Since joining the Tribe he has had a 6-6 record in 1979 and led the league in strikeouts in 1980 with a fine 19-12 record. Maybe Cleveland isn't perfect, but many people, Barker included, seem to prefer it to other places.

MATT HLEBAK
Youngstown, Ohio

Sir,

I am very disappointed that the letter from Mark Coffman was even considered for publication in your usually tasteful magazine. Cleveland has been getting bad press for too long from people who are talking through their hats. How many cities have sold 77,000 seats to an All-Star Game? With respect to Coffman, what's a *Goree, Texas* anyhow?

SILVE ORLHOIT
Middletown, Ohio

Sir,

Any game played in Cleveland is perfect when our Indians are on the field!

KATHY GOODWIN
Willoughby, Ohio

Sir,

Thanks for Jim Kaplan's enjoyable profile of racquetball's Dave Peck (A Peck of Pounds, but No Bushel of Laughs, June 15). Peck has always been one of our sport's finest ambassadors. However, I take exception to Charlie Brumfield's less than gracious remark about Peck's hometown of El Paso.

As Dave's sponsor for the past two years, we at Eklon have found the people of El Paso most cooperative and proud of their city, as they should be. After all, Peck, Lee Trevino, who got his start in El Paso, and UTEP's national championship track team were the subjects of three articles accounting for 16 pages of the June 15 issue of the top sports publication in America.

Good for you, El Paso!

ROBERT MCLEAR
Vice President and General Manager
Eklon
San Diego

Sir,

Clive Gammion's remark about Jacksonville, Fla. and Calgary, Alberta being NASL cities that "seemed to have been chosen by a computer with a sense of humor" was out of line (*Manic but Not Depressive*, June 15). As of June 7, the Jacksonville Tea Men were 13th in attendance out of 21 teams. That puts them ahead of such out-of-the-way places as Chicago and Los Angeles. And if Gammion had been following the Tea Men a little more closely, he would have known that they have beaten the Cosmos and the Rowdies, two of the league's so-called name teams.

JOHN CORLEUS
Jacksonville

LEE TREVINO

Sir,

What a tremendous article about a man who still remembers where he came from (*Lee Trevino, Midnight, Room 170, Holiday Inn, Pecosville, Tex.*, June 15). In a world in which almost everyone seems to want to conform, it's nice to see that Trevino is still the person he was when he started. He has always been one of my favorites because of his golf personality; now he's my favorite because of who he is.

LESLIE VINICK
Dayton

Sir,

Barry McDermott wrote a memorable piece about "the unseen side" of Lee Tre-

vino. Some of us golf fans can't relate to Jack Nicklaus or Tom Watson, but Trevino looks, acts and even swings a little like we do. I hope he plays on the Tour for another 15 years, because without Lee I believe pro golf is in for a lot of trouble. His sport needs him much more than he needs it.

SAH RANKIN
Warren, Conn.

MISSISSIPPI'S MANNING (CONT.)

Sir,

I haven't the words to express my compliments on your story about Archie Manning, except to say that I'm glad it was finally written (*The Paucity of a Saint*, June 8). For 14 years, I along with thousands of others have watched with great joy as Archie Manning played football. Lord knows his play is a thing of beauty. I only hope all fans have a man like Manning to bring sports into their homes—a man to show the truth about sports and the way they were meant to be played. Yes, Coop, he's a good man.

C.H. NARMOUR JR.
Greenwood, Miss.

Sir,

There are a couple of things I'd like to say about writer Paul Zimmerman's description of the time when integration came to Drew High. It would be very interesting to know what Ruby Nell Stancile meant when she said, "There was no violence, no ugly incidents that made headlines. The people here aren't like that. The Carter children were simply ignored."

I think the article should have said that the Carter children simply ignored the rest of the students' ignored spiballs, name calling and other little nasty remarks. If you had wanted to know why the Carter children are on the gym steps instead of in the cafeteria, I could have told you, but the article, of course, was about Archie Manning. I could write a book about Drew, Miss. and how it "wasn't red-neck country."

RUTH CARTER WHITTELL
Toledo

MEL'S DAD

Sir,

I enjoyed reading Curry Kirkpatrick's article on Mel Purcell (*Not Many Escape the Cell*, June 8), but I take exception to Kirkpatrick's observation that Mel arrived on the tennis scene with the legacy of a loser, Mel's dad, Benjie, a basketball All-America though only 5'9", remains a legend at Murray State for his tremendous ability and desire to win.

After his barnstorming days with the Washington Generals, Benjie became a very

continued

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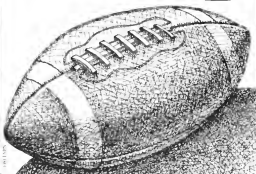
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19TH HOLE continued

successful high school basketball coach before returning to his alma mater as a coach. I had the privilege of playing under Bernie in high school, and I consider him the equal of any of today's great coaches. He had the ability to get the maximum effort and performance from his players, and he instilled a winning attitude in his teams. He is the most dedicated and fiercest competitor I have ever encountered in sports. In addition, he is one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known. If Bernie Purcell is a loser, then Pete Rose can't hit.

TERRY H. GAMBER
Mount Vernon, Ill.

Sir:

Mel Purcell comes by his tenacity and determination honestly. In 1974 I took a tennis course at Murray State under his father, Bernie. In the spring Murray State is often called Muddy State by students because of all the rain—or snow—that falls in that season. Nonetheless, Bernie told us on the first day that if the temperature outdoors was 35° or more, we would play. He wasn't kidding! I learned a lot about tennis, though.

By the way, Bernie has been named the Ohio Valley Conference men's tennis Coach of the Year the past two years. His teams have won two straight conference titles and have 27 dual-match victories in each of the last three years—quite an accomplishment.

JERRY FERGASON
Murray, Ky.

ULTIMATE SPOKESMAN?

Sir:

After reading the June 8 issue, specifically the articles about John Lucas (*Picking Up the Pieces*), Ben Ogilvie (*Swings, Ergo Sins*) and Archie Manning (*The Patience of a Saint*), I think I have discovered the secret behind writing a piece on what makes an athlete tick: Interview his lawyer.

JIM CHORKE
Stillwater, Okla.

TWO HANDS

Sir:

In reply to the letter from Joseph Brothman (19TH HOLE, June 15), I, too, watched the segment of *The Baseball Bunch* in which Johnny Bench instructed the Bunch on the proper way to catch a fly ball, i.e., with two hands. Before that I had taken a picture of Bench catching a fly ball in a game between the Reds and the Pirates here in Pittsburgh. My photograph shows Bench catching the ball with both hands, not just one, as reader Brothman saw him do in another game.

What does this prove? Only that Bench is human like the rest of us, and that he practices what he preaches—sometimes.

B. J. HALE
Pittsburgh

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